

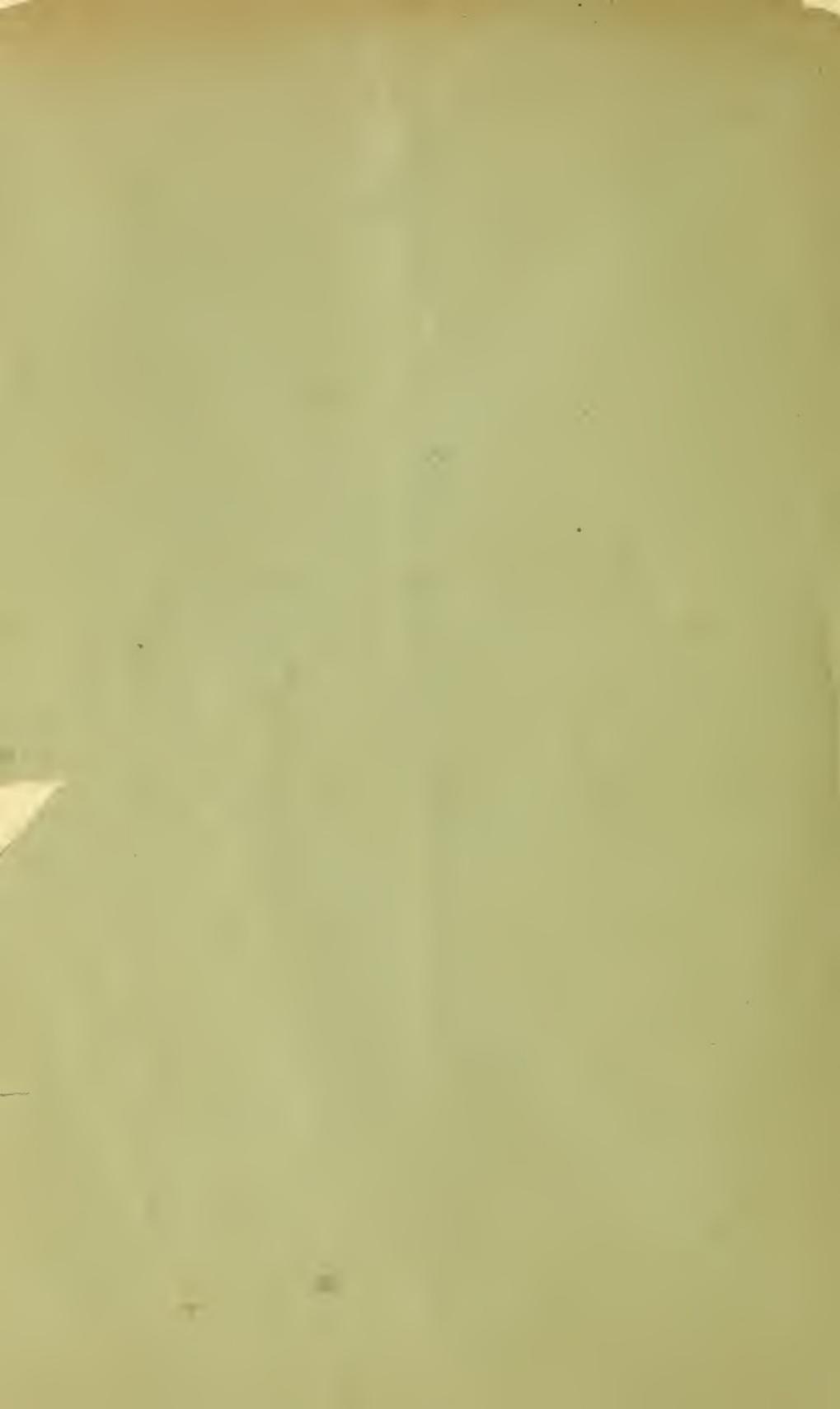
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New-York Tribune.

EXTRA, No. 63. JULY, 1880.

En Memoriam

GEORGE RIPLEY, LL.D.



In Memoriam

GEORGE RIPLEY, LL.D.

THE AUTHOR,
OF "CONCERN."

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GEORGE RIPLEY—SCHOLAR, REFORMER AND CRITIC.

Mr. Ripley is dead. For nearly a third of a century he has nobly filled the place to which Mr. Greeley called him, as Literary Editor of THE TRIBUNE. Before that he had two notable careers, for he had been one of the most conspicuous of the Unitarian clergymen of Boston, and he was the president of the Brook Farm Association. Full of years and of labors, he passed away as he would have wished, after a serene and honored old age, in the city of his adoption, with family and friends about him, doing his favorite work almost to the end, and dying in his chair, in his library.

He has long been the head of American literary criticism; and he spoke with an authority conceded to no one else. His judgments, based upon the amplest knowledge and the purest taste, were always marked by the kindness of a large and helpful nature. Never failing to recognize good from any quarter, he never praised a bad book; and yet no critic of his prominence has ever left so few wounds. Conservative in temper he was still singularly hospitable to new thought, and eager to welcome new men.

In THE TRIBUNE he was the most faithful of workers, and the most generous of associates. Mr. Greeley leaned upon him as a brother. To Mr. Greeley's successor he gave a support paternal in its kindness and devotion. His memory will be tenderly cherished by the whole guild of Literature in America;—in this office it will be revered.—[Editorial Page, THE TRIBUNE, July 5, 1880.]

GEORGE RIPLEY, LL.D., eminent as a philosopher and man of letters, and for 31 years the literary critic of THE TRIBUNE, died at 3 p. m. on Sunday, July 4, 1880, at his residence, No. 661 Fifth-ave., New-York, surrounded by his devoted wife and nearest relatives, and a few of his intimate friends.

Mr. Ripley was born in Greenfield, Mass., on the 3d of October, 1802. He was the son of Jerome Ripley, a prominent merchant of Greenfield, and of Sarah Franklin Ripley, who was nearly related to Benjamin Franklin, and he was the youngest and the last survivor of ten children, four boys and six girls. He was fitted for college by a kinswoman, Mrs. Margaret Ripley, who was an admirable scholar and remarkable woman. He was graduated A. B. at Harvard University in 1823, and B. D. at the

Cambridge Divinity School in 1826. He was a Mathematical Tutor in the University in 1825 and 1826. In 1828 he was settled over a Congregational Church in Boston, and he remained in this charge until 1841. He entered upon his intellectual life at a peculiar time. He heard the first mutterings of the Unitarian controversy. He was nurtured when pastors had begun to doubt the Atonement, the Trinity and Original Sin—doctrines in which they had avowed their belief at their ordination. The forces of the New-England mind were gathering themselves together for protest or for unbelief. It was hard then to know what any clergyman actually accepted. Some were Socinians. Some were in doubt whether they were Socinians or not. But over all was an atmosphere of uncertainty, and gradually ecclesiasticism was giving way at several of its strongholds which were

considered the most important, and, we may add, the most impregnable. More than one writer has attempted to depict this phase of religious experience; perhaps no one has yet depicted it accurately. It is unlike any other intellectual change which is of record. It was cautious, and sometimes there was in it a suspicion, if no more, of wary concealment. Men went into the ministry hardly knowing what they believed, and even doubting sometimes whether there should be a Christian ministry at all.

Into the prolonged discussion which arose out of these speculations Mr. Ripley entered with all the force of a robust and positive nature. He was not, as those know who knew him well, eager for controversy, but he did not shrink from it. He had adopted original methods of considering religious questions, and possessed an alacrity of attack and of defence. He had been trained, to a limited extent, in the battles between the Trinitarians and the Unitarians of New-England. He published in 1839 "Discourses on the Philosophy of Religion," and found old associates with whom he must contend, and was pitted against thinkers with whom he had not long before been in affectionate fellowship. But he was a man of such admirable intellectual valor that no opponent daunted him, while his scholarly attainments made him an extremely difficult person to meet in controversy. He had fitted himself for these contests by his profound studies of the German theologians. He knew everything of Herder and something of Kant. The Cambridge Divinity School, dreadfully disturbed by those unreasonable men who persisted in carrying premises to conclusions, in elevating reason to a higher plane than that to which they were accustomed, found themselves forced to the rescue. The controversy may appear at this time unimportant; to the men who then engaged in it the struggle was for spiritual life or death. The religious teachers of New-England, in the calm routine of the pastorate, had been playing without knowing it with the edge-tools of doubt and dissent. When the wind of these rude polemics swept down upon the quiet chambers of the Cambridge Divinity School it found its teachers unprepared, either by study or experience, for the rigid conclusions of the Transcendental Philosophy, for its negations, and even for all which it half grudgingly accepted. Mr. Ripley was the foremost champion of the new and original thought. It certainly was not his fault if piety

had become a form, and if Unitarians did not know whether they believed or not. He could hardly be blamed for endeavoring to give to Unitarianism a more spiritual aspect. That he should accept the teachings of Schleiermacher was not pleasant to the mind of Prof. Andrews Norton, who was inexpressibly shocked and who considered the German to be an atheist. Mr. Ripley defended the German's "Discourses on Religion" in a letter to the Cambridge man, remarkable alike for its subtlety and good judgment. ("Letters to Andrews Norton on 'The Latest Form of Infidelity,'" 1840.) There was more to come hereafter. But this was the beginning.

Mr. Frothingham has written the history of this period, and of the ferment of men's minds which kept them in an equipoise between Kant and Cousin. If anybody at that time was positive and definite it was Mr. Ripley. His mind was eminently eclectic. In 1838 he began the publication of the "Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature." The series extended to fourteen volumes, and was entirely catholic in its character. It presented to the American mind the intellectual conclusions of Cousin, Jouffroy and Constant, to which Mr. Ripley contributed introductions. It may be proper to mention, in passing, that to this series Margaret Fuller gave a translation of Eckerman's "Conversations with Goethe," and other contributors were Professor Felton, J. S. Dwight, William H. Channing, James Freeman Clarke, Samuel Osgood and Charles T. Brooks. The pure critical character of Mr. Ripley's mind renders this series of great value, and it remains a monument both of his admirable intellect and of his discriminating taste. An edition of the "Philosophical Miscellanies," forming the first two volumes of the series, which were specially from Mr. Ripley's hand, was republished in Edinburgh in 1857.

The active thought of those Massachusetts people, who had cast far behind them the fetters of tradition, naturally sought a medium of communication with the thinking public; and this was found in *The Dial*, a magazine which was remarkable, because it was not only unlike anything before it, but unlike anything with which it was contemporaneous. The editors of this periodical were Mr. Ripley, Miss Fuller and Mr. Emerson. In its second number, Mr. Ripley published a letter commending Herder's "Letters to a Young Theologian." To *The Dial* he was a constant contributor;

but we are unable to name distinctly his articles. It was not his way to shrink from a liberal estimate of whatever came under his hand. His review of Martineau's "Rationale of Religious Inquiry" was productive of much controversy, more or less profitable. However deep were differences, and however strongly he might dissent from those with whom he was engaged, he retained his philosophical balance, was then as he was to the end abhorrent of extremes, and handled the matters which excite other men to passion with a healthy intellectual frigidity. Yet seemingly cold as he was, there were depths of affectionate feeling and tenderness in his nature. Men still speak in Boston of his farewell discourse to his church in 1841. But he was never a man to be betrayed into any essential weakness. He was too much enamored of the truth for that. Doubtless those who knew him but superficially regarded him as wanting in that easy sort of acquiescence which passes in the world for good nature. They did not always remember how deep had been his experiences, or how strong were his convictions.

The name of Mr. Ripley is intimately connected with the well-known Brook Farm Association of Education and Agriculture, in West Roxbury, Mass., of which he was the president till its dissolution in 1847. That the experiment was marred by some mistakes, that it lacked not economical detail but rather economical sagacity, is sufficiently well known to those who have cared to inquire into its history. But they will also have learned that Mr. Ripley brought to this singular and somewhat miscellaneous community a careful common sense, an active intelligence and a sagacity which merited if they did not win a better fortune. It was not enough to say that the theory was admirable, since there was so much that was admirable in the practice, and since such a great success seemed within reach and might have been attained if only the fates had been a little kinder. How much this "attempt to return to first principles" has interested mankind is evident from the fact that Brook Farm, its first success and its ultimate failure, are to this day written about and discussed. There is no account which does not represent Mr. Ripley as the heart, soul and dominant leader of the enterprise. Hawthorne, who was for a time one of the enlightened colonists, gives us, in his "American Note Books," many interesting notices of the life which Mr. Rip-

ley and his friends led at the Farm. There is an amusing confession on the part of Hawthorne that he did not milk upon a certain evening because Mr. Ripley was afraid to trust the cows to his hands or the essayist "to their horns." When Hawthorne broke the machine for chopping hay, Mr. Ripley, he says, attributed the catastrophe to his "righteous vehemence." It was Mr. Ripley who put "a four-pronged instrument" into his hands and gave him to understand that it was a pitchfork with which he was to attack a heap of manure. These pastoral glimpses are not without their interest—even the record which tells us that Mr. Ripley "has bought four black pigs." But Hawthorne all along had his doubts whether Mr. Ripley would succeed in educating his community.

The world, which may know little else of Brook Farm, knows that it was a failure. "The intention," says Mr. Frothingham, "was defeated by circumstances; the hope turned out a dream." It is of record that, in 1840, Dr. Channing, the last man in the world to encourage a rash and impossible enterprise, took counsel with Mr. Ripley "on the point if it were possible to bring thoughtful, cultivated people together, and make a society which deserved the name." It was Mr. Ripley who endeavored to reduce the theories of speculators and ideologists and economists to practice. He shrank from no labor; he worked upon the farm; he taught the pupils who brought money to the establishment; and early and late he struggled to put the association, for it was not a community, upon a permanent foundation. In all this he was cheered, sustained and assisted by his wife, of whom all speak with affection and profound respect. The Constitution of the Brook Farm Association, which is preserved in Mr. Frothingham's "Transcendentalism in New-England," sets forth its purpose with such lucidity. Its intention was "more effectually to promote the great purposes of human culture; to establish the external relations of life on a basis of wisdom and purity"; mainly "to substitute a system of brotherly cooperation for one of selfish competition." The association was open to all sects, and welcomed all kinds and degrees of intellectual culture. It trafficked with the outside world; sold its surplus produce; sold its culture to children requiring education. The numbers averaged about seventy, comprising many women and men of the higher intellectual character. Brook

Farm existed seven years. Then, the principal building having been destroyed by an accidental fire, the society broke up; the farm was sold; there was considerable pecuniary loss. Many of its brightest ornaments had been occasional residents, who found it agreeable only for a limited retirement from the world. Many names of distinguished persons are connected with its history, and among them those of Margaret Fuller, of Alcott, of the younger Channing, of Dwight, of Curtis, and of Hawthorne. Mr. Noyes, in his "History of American Socialism," considers the Brook Farm Association to have been the chief representative and propagative organ of Fourierism—an opinion which many will be ready to dispute. Emerson, who was friendly to it, never joined it. Hawthorne grew weary of it, and has given us some insight of its interior phenomena in his "Blithedale Romance." Mr. Ripley's whole stout heart was in the experiment, and when he failed to realize his ideal of a rational society, the disappointment which he experienced must have been a bitter one. Yet he met the catastrophe with indomitable cheerfulness. In October, 1847, he was at the Boston Convention of Associationists, "triumphant," says *The Harbinger*, "amid outward failure." That year was specially destructive to the various communities and phalanxes. The West Roxbury leaders drifted back to literature as a profession—wrote books, edited newspapers and magazines, and in these new fields many of them won great distinction.

Up to this time, as afterward, Mr. Ripley's contributions to periodical literature had been numerous and valuable. In *The Christian Examiner* will be found articles by him upon De Gérando, Herder, Pestalozzi, Sir James Mackintosh, and Martineau's "Rationale of Religious Inquiry." He was also a contributor to *The Southern Literary Messenger*, to *Poole's Magazine* and to *Harper's Magazine*. *The Harbinger* magazine was started in 1845 in Boston, being published by the Brook Farm Phalanx, and Mr. Ripley being one of its editors. This was avowedly a Fourierite publication. It was devoted, to use Mr. Ripley's own language, "to the cause of the oppressed, the down-trodden, the insulted masses." To this pledge the paper was faithful during the four years of its existence. Its corps of contributors comprised many of the ablest American writers. It was not, however, a pecuniary success, and the last number was published in February, 1849.

In the same year *THE TRIBUNE* was fortunate in securing the literary and critical services of Mr. Ripley. The position which he then assumed he retained for thirty-one years, and his labors in this difficult and important department of journalism were continued almost to the day of his death. The criticism of *THE TRIBUNE* had been of a high order in the hands of Margaret Fuller; it became broader, more catholic, and we may say more comprehensive and careful, in those of Mr. Ripley. His relations to American literature during all these years have been intimate and constant; hardly any valuable book has appeared of which he has not given an intelligent estimate; while he has incidentally discussed many of the great questions which have agitated the public mind. His standard of judgment was high, and he could be, if he pleased, mercilessly severe upon ignorance and false pretension; but he preferred rather to set forth the merits of a good book than the faults of a bad one. In comprehensive statement of the contents of a volume he was without an equal. He knew by an unerring instinct what was important and what was not. With really worthless books he did not care to have much to do. Very little slashing criticism will be found in the columns which for so many years he adorned and illustrated. Nothing could be finer than his discrimination. Often he added to the information contained in the work ample contributions from the stores of his own knowledge. His résumé of works of a philosophical cast was always masterly, and his own well-trained and thoroughly cultured mind always a careful and conscientious interpreter, an intelligent and lucid reporter of the thoughts of others. His opinion of a book was judicially given, and it was safe to buy whatever he praised. Yet he was not in the least dictatorial or arrogant. He never wrote, as so many reviewers of the old school wrote, for the sake of giving pain. In his critical writing there is oftenest a genial kindness which was a sure indication of the substantial goodness of his heart. He liked to say a word of encouragement to young writers whose performance might not be equal to their promise. He could point out faults very gently, and sometimes he would take no little trouble to do so. Having the whole range of modern literature at his command, he knew at once whether any book supplied an acknowledged want or added to the

facilities of scholars and of writers. When it was necessary to do for a departed author that which we are now attempting to do for himself, nothing could surpass the tact, delicacy and deep feeling with which the task was performed. Thus he had noticed in these columns the deaths of many distinguished literary men, and made here that final summary of their work and character which the world expects upon their departure. This and all else he did with a precision and accurate estimate beyond all praise.

When Sainte-Beuve died, in 1869, Mr. Ripley was travelling in Europe. He sat down instantly, and without access to any biography of the departed critic, or to any of his works, wrote to THE TRIBUNE, on the spur of the moment, a masterly analysis of his literary character and a sketch of his career. There is so strong a resemblance, in some things, between his own methods of criticism and those of the French master, that a part of this letter may well be quoted here:

SAINTE-BEUVÉ.

Sainte-Beuve obtained his reputation as the critical historian of the literary activity of France during a considerable portion of the last half century. Born in 1804, his early manhood was devoted to professional studies, with no thought of making literature the occupation of his life. It was not long, however, before his sensitive taste grew weary of the repulsive details of anatomy, and other studies preparatory to the practice of medicine and the prospect of spending his days in the chamber of disease,—the witness of human infirmities which he had no power to alleviate,—presented no charm to his youthful imagination. His decision was soon made, and he abandoned the study of medicine for the pursuit of literature. The first fruits of his new career were one or two romances, and a few poems, which though marked by a certain subtlety of mental analysis, gave few indications of inventive power, and have been entirely eclipsed by the splendor of his subsequent productions. With the exception of his elaborate historical work on the recluses of Port Royal, his pen was henceforth devoted to critical studies which have introduced a new method into that branch of "literature," and now remain a permanent monument of the rare versatility and acuteness of his mind. Within the period of his activity, few works have appeared in the province of belles-lettres on which he has not recorded his mature judgments. He was equally at home in poetry, fiction, history, biography—in all the productions of imagination and taste—excluding only the fruits of abstract speculation and physical research, which opened too wide a field for the labors of a single intellect, however comprehensive, although his favorite themes related to the portraiture of character as exhibited in the creations of genius.

The critical faculty of Sainte-Beuve consisted in the sagacious application of what may be called the psychological method to the judgment of literary productions. The estimate of a book with him was not only the exercise of high artistic skill, but the result of a keen men-

tal analysis. It was an intellectual labor, no less profound, no less conscientious, of a no less responsible character, than the solution of a scientific problem, or the composition of a history, although it was one into which he threw his heart so completely that it betrayed no odor of midnight oil, but had all the freedom and airy grace of spontaneity. He regarded a book not as a collection of verbal wonders, an exhibition of rhetorical artifices, or a display of personal ambition, but as "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit," suited to be the nutriment and medicine of coming ages; and those which did not in some degree approach to this standard had no power to touch his imagination and were passed by with as little interest as though they had been unwritten leaves of parchment or papyrus. The human aspect of a book, so to speak, was of more importance to him than its literary relations. It was the exponent of the author's soul, rather than a cunning composition of prose and verse. Hence, although a consummate judge of literary art, his criticisms of a work dwelt less on the external form and expression than on the inward spirit and creative idea which presided at its birth. The actual accomplishments of a writer, in his view, were of not so much moment as the intellectual motive which gave the impulse to his endeavors. No man certainly ever excelled Sainte-Beuve in the happy faculty of reproducing the contents of a work of genius, of expressing the essence of a large volume in a brief essay, and of reporting the exact measurement of its intellectual proportions; but he was not content with this; he ascended from the stream to the fountain; detected the spirit of the author in the coloring of his work; analyzed his genius from its development in words; and from the foot of the Heracles drew a portrait of the person. Perhaps it is not too much to say that his criticisms often did more justice to a writer than the writer did to himself. He understood not only what was said, but what was intended. Beneath an imperfect expression, he would detect a profound or subtle thought. He entered so fully into the mind of an author that he would present in striking perspective and impressive illustration the conception or fancy which was left obscure in the original, and needed the warmth of sympathy for its complete exposition.

For, above all, Sainte-Beuve was a sympathetic critic. He was wont to speak of the writers that came under his notice as his patients or clients, never as his victims. He knew too well the secrets of literary composition not to be alive to its difficulties and not to cherish a certain tenderness for those who had attempted it unsuccessfully. The line which separates excellence from mediocrity is of so shadowy a character that he had no passion for placing the elect on one side and the condemned on the other. He had no belief in Purgatory, but also no desire to deduce the limits between Heaven and Hell. The man who writes a poor book, in his opinion, was not necessarily an idiot or a knave, and one to be driven out at the point of the bayonet. Nothing but vanity, pretension, affectation or insincerity was to him the meet subject of literary castigation; the punishment of worthlessness was neglect; he had a wide liking for every variety of mental accomplishments; he opened hospitably his doors to authors of manifold degrees of merit; he treated them all, if not with smiling welcome, with courteous kindness; though he was not afraid

to smile, and when he struck he struck sore. Still, he loved rather to dwell on the positive side of every production of literary art. He had no taste for scanning the defects of a work, and displaying his own acumen and ingenuity at the expense of the author. With the school of Jeffrey and Sydney Smith and the critics of *Blackwood's Magazine*, which delights to expatiate on the shortcomings which it discovers, and to treat the writer from whom it differs in taste or opinion with contempt rather than with discrimination, he had no affinity. Nor was his tolerance the result of a blind and effeminate charity. It was not because he feared to offend that he brought an indulgent generosity to the judgment of authors. Rather it grew out of the catholic extent of his appreciation, the largeness of his nature, which took in every variety of manifestation, and the vitality of his tastes, which were alive to every expression of humanity. His work was less the work of dissection than of reconstruction. He was one of the few critics who dwelt with more emphasis on the positive qualities of a book than on its negations and imperfections, and passed judgment on an author according to what he had done rather than to what he had left undone. It was no part of the critical function, in his view, to give the last quietus to the helpless abortions of literature, but rather to discover and cherish the symptoms of healthy life.

After all, he regarded the productions of literature as illustrations of humanity, rather than creations of art. Hence his peculiar interest in works of a biographical character, for it was these that gave him occasion to pass from the rules of literary composition to sketches of experience and the analysis of passion, reproducing the personages of history in the living colors of reality. He delighted most in books which brought him into contact with persons, which pivoted on the lights and shades of character, and afforded him materials for his masterly delineations of special individualities, and his dramatic grouping of events in the panoramic display of society. The detection of the human element in a work of literature always touched his imagination and inspired his pen with fresh power. Hence his graphic sketches and illustrations of character in many respects, form the most significant commentary on the history of his age.

Mr. Ripley's judgment never waited for the popular voice. It is one of his highest titles to praise that he determined the real worth of a book at once, without reference to what might be said of it elsewhere. His review of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" is quoted in the bibliographical dictionaries as an instance of the early recognition which "the obscurest man of letters in America" obtained by the publication of his celebrated romance. The appearance of Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species" was instantly followed in THE TRIBUNE by a review which not only pointed out the significance of that remarkable book, but gave a masterly synopsis of its argument and its illustrations. This, perhaps, was one of the

most notable of Mr. Ripley's expository reviews. On August 12, 1879, he published the first criticism of Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" that appeared in any American paper—long before the book itself had been printed in this country or had begun to be talked about. In closing his long notice he said: "As a magnificent work of imagination and a sublime appeal in the interests of the loftiest human virtue, we tender it the sincerest welcome and grasp the author by the hand as a genuine prophet of the soul." A few months later everybody was reading the poem, and repeated editions justified Mr. Ripley's anticipation of the general verdict. His reviews of Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Sociology" (April 27, 1875), and "Data of Ethics" (July 18, 1879), were striking examples of his skill in philosophical analysis, and in compact and lucid statement. Two extracts from the latter of these articles will illustrate his happy faculty of making dark things plain:

HERBERT SPENCER'S SYSTEM.

The ultimate object of his studies has been to discover a scientific basis for the principles of right and wrong in conduct at large. This, he affirms, is an urgent need in the present state of human inquiry and speculation. As moral injunctions are losing their authority with a large class of thinkers, given by their supposed sacred origin, the secularization of morals is becoming imperative. Nothing can be more disastrous than the decay of a regulative system, before it can be replaced by another regulative system better adapted to human wants. It is thought by most of those who reject the current creed that its controlling agency may safely be set aside and the vacancy left unfilled by any other controlling agency. At the same time the defenders of the current creed allege that in the absence of its guidance no other guidance can exist. The divine commandments they deem the only possible guides. The two currents of thought thus meet at a common point. The one class holds that the vacancy left by the disappearance of the code of supernatural ethics need not be filled by a code of natural ethics. The other class holds that it cannot be so filled. In the view of both a vacuum is contemplated, which the one wishes and the other fears. But as the change which threatens or promises to bring about this state is making rapid progress, those who believe that the vacuum can be filled are called upon to do something in pursuance of this belief.

The ground is now prepared for touching the vital point of Mr. Spencer's ethical theory, in his definition of good and bad conduct, the discussion of which opens numerous views of pregnant importance, but of which we can here present only the most superficial outline.

The essential meaning of a word, Mr. Spencer remarks at the commencement, is to be understood by comparing its meanings in different connections, and observing what they have in common. We speak, for instance, of a

knife, a gun, a house as good, or of a bad umbrella, or a bad pair of boots. The characters indicated by the words good and bad are not intrinsic characters, for apart from human wants, such things have neither merits nor demerits. They are called good or bad, according as they are well or ill adapted to achieve prescribed ends. The good knife is one that will cut; the good gun is one that carries far and true; the good house is one which affords the requisite comfort and accommodation. On the other hand, the badness of the umbrella or the pair of boots is predicated of their failure in fulfilling the ends of keeping out the rain and protecting the feet. It is the same when we pass from inanimate objects to inanimate actions. We call the day bad in which the weather prevents us from satisfying some of our desires. A good season is one which has favored the production of valuable crops. Passing from lifeless things and actions to living ones, we find the use of words in the same sense. The goodness or badness of a pointer or a hunter, of a sheep or an ox, refer in the one case to the fitness of their actions for effecting the ends for which they are used, and in the other case to the qualities of their flesh to support human life and gratify the pleasures of taste.

These instances of the meanings of good or bad as otherwise used, illustrate their meanings as applied to conduct in its ethical aspects. We use the respective terms according to the greater or less efficiency of the adjustment of acts to ends. In the last analysis, the words good and bad have come to be especially associated with acts which further the complete living of others, and acts which obstruct their complete living. Goodness suggests, above all other things, the conduct of one who aids the sick in recovering normal vitality, assists the unfortunate in acquiring the means of maintaining themselves, defends those who are threatened with harm in person, property or reputation, and aids whatever promises to improve the living of all his fellows. The correlative term, badness, on the contrary, expresses the conduct of one, who in carrying on his own life, damages the lives of others by injuring their bodies, destroying their possessions, or otherwise invading their rights.

We thus perceive that the conduct to which we apply the name good, is the relatively more evolved conduct, and that bad is the name which we apply to conduct which is relatively less evolved. Evolution, moreover, ever tending toward self-preservation, reaches its limit when individual life is the greatest, both in length and breadth, and hence we regard as good the conduct furthering self-preservation, and as bad the conduct tending to self-destruction. In the last conclusion, the form of conduct most emphatically termed good is that made possible in an associated state, which not only avoids preventing the completion of life in others, but tends to the furtherance of it in all its members.

A criticism upon the Rev. Joseph Cook's "Biology" (October 26, 1877) shows Mr. Ripley in a caustic vein which he rarely indulged, although when he thought the occasion called for severity he could be formidable indeed:

THE REV. JOSEPH COOK.

The contents of this volume comprise a series of lectures delivered during the past year in Boston, as part

of a course intended to present the latest results of German, English and American scholarship on some of the more important topics concerning the relation of religion and science. In selecting his theme the author has had reference chiefly to recent discussions of the connection between physiology and psychology, between the phenomena of the nervous system and those of intelligence and thought, involving the origin of life, the doctrine of evolution, the theory of materialism, the immortality of the soul, and the relation of the Divine Omnipotence to the cosmic forces of the universe. Not a holiday task, by any means, was thus presented to the reverend lecturer. To set forth the contents of so many profound and subtle problems, with the athletic striving for their solution, to a popular audience in a dozen lectures was an experiment which few persons would willingly undertake. It reminds one of the request of Madame Do Stael to a German philosopher to expound the essence of German speculation for half a century in the conversation of half an hour. Mr. Cook, however, seems to have "snuffed the battle afar off," and to have entered the arena with an alacrity and confidence which might easily forebode the joy of triumph.

He was strong in his audience, which, we are told, "included in large numbers the representatives of the broadest scholarship, the profoundest philosophy, the acutest scientific research, and the finest intellectual culture of Boston and New-England,"—an audience which he modestly suggests he cannot cheat, and which "as many brains in it as any other weekly audience in America—one where, in New-England at least, he would be most likely to be tripped up if he were to make an incorrect statement." Nor was his preparation for the work unworthy of the transcendent superiority of his audience. He planted himself on the solid rock of "clear ideas." Distraining all illusions, all fantastic notions, all specious plausible theories, he stood solely on the "orthodoxy of straightforwardness," coveting "no philosophy, no platform, no pulpit, no dying-pillow, that does not rest on rendered reasons." While previous philosophers have dealt, and still deal, in guesses, he deals alone in facts, in firm and everlasting truths. In studying the Sistine Madonna "day after day for a month" it was the "Unseen Ineffable," the "Unseen Holy" that impressed his soul more than all the visible glories of the picture; he always left the contemplation in a kind of trance; the same state of mind was induced in the study of the living cells of human physiology, and he was convinced by this "Madonna painting of Almighty God" that it was "the purpose of the artist to make the interior suggest the ineffable exterior."

With the study of the masterpieces of painting as a preparation for his lectures, Mr. Cook has combined the study of the most illustrious living philosophers in their published works. No abstruseness of thought, no subtlety of argument, no obscurity of expression has daunted his zeal. He has even found a "delicious" satisfaction in the hours devoted as a summer pastime to Lionel Beale and Hermann Lotze, and other scientific writers, under the spreading shade of the "Bioplast Beech, in one of my groves near Lake George." Of all the living biologists, Lionel Beale, in the estimation of the author, seems to bear away the palm. His work on the "Microscope," though bulky, elaborate and full of plates, is "worn ragged" in the author's favorite public library, "with its one hundred thousand volumes, its one hundred magazines and one hundred newspapers and excellent

professional collections," and "used by the Sumners and Wilsons and Emersons who are not likely to waste time on rubbish." Beale's volumes "are more eloquently black," while those of Bastian are hardly stained (the judicious book-buyer, however, we are advised, had better not invest in Beale quite yet, as his stupendous work "is going into the fifth edition"). Besides this proof of the preëminence of Mr. Cook's philosopher and guide, not to say friend, he is quoted in a standard German work on physiology, which the author "bought when he was in Jena and brought with him across the Atlantic, although he was a minister, and had no right to know anything on the subject." Still, as Mr. Cook plaintively remarks, Beale is not once mentioned by Professor Huxley in his article on Biology in the edition of the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*" now passing through the press.

Another powerful ingredient in the sparkling wine of these lectures—the "*Carte Blanche*" and "*Ne Plus Ultra*" of philosophy—is the study of Hermann Lotze, a living German metaphysician. If we look at this able writer through the purple glasses of the author, Lotze "leads the philosophy of the most learned land on the globe" and "is read with the most enthusiasm by students of religious and philosophical science in Germany and England and Scotland." He has taught Mr. Cook, among others, to look at the borderland between physiology and metaphysics "with all the reverence with which we bow down before Almighty God." He is "a scholar enriched by the massive spoils of all the German metaphysical systems, and made opulent by all physiological knowledge, and building up with these two sides the colossal arch of a new system, with many a Christian truth at its summit." His philosophy is "the most brilliant, the most audacious, the most abreast of the time, of all the philosophies of the globe." If any doubt remains as to his position among the lights of the universe, Mr. Cook announces as the last verdict: "I have some acquaintance with Hermann Lotze," and, "I am actually sorry that you have heard of Herbert Spencer, whose star touches the Western pines, and know nothing of Hermann Lotze, whose star is in the ascendant." It is certainly remarkable that the most intensely enlightened audience in Christendom, to which these lectures were addressed, should never have heard of this rising star, whose brilliancy throws all other luminaries in the shade; but the circumstance may perhaps be explained, though not excused, by the fact that no mention is made of Hermann Lotze by Professor Bowen in his copious history of "*Modern Philosophy*," that Ueberweg in his standard "*History of Philosophy*" devotes to him less than a dozen lines, and neither Mr. William T. Harris nor Professor Gillet in their recent popular expositions of German philosophy refers to Lotze, except in a single line on the subject by the first named writer. Mr. Cook may justly be entitled to the credit of raising a good philosopher and a worthy man to a preëminence over the rest of the human race, which would not have been likely to be otherwise discovered. As an interesting example of his prowess, Mr. Cook assures the most critical audience in existence that "if Hermann Lotze, the first philosopher of Germany, were on this platform to-day, he, in the name of the axiom that every change must have a sufficient cause, would thus and here [here the orator tears a piece of waste paper] tear into shreds the materialistic and mechanical theories of

the origin of living tissues and of the soul." We are not in the least surprised that this admirable dramatic touch, "suiting the action to the word and the word to the action," should have been received by the select aesthetic circle who witnessed the performance with a burst of applause (which circumstance is duly noted in the margin of the volume). It is certainly a matter of profound regret that this rising sun of German philosophy should have been under an ominous eclipse for the matter of some ten years, during which time Hermann Lotze, though so decidedly in the ascendant, has published no new important work, and the world has not been permitted to rejoice in one bright ray from that brilliant and beneficent source.

After learning the vast preparations of the author for his solving the riddles of biology, the reader will be curious to know his method of conducting the experiment. He addresses himself to the great problems before him with a jaunty gayety evincing the confidence and self-possession of a master of the subject. He bears the resources of ancient and modern learning on the tips of his fingers. The mysteries of physical science and the depths of speculative philosophy are as familiar to his mind as the poetry of the *New-England Primer* or the prose of the Assembly's *Catechism*. This mass of universal knowledge is tempered and softened by the benign influence of a radiant imagination. He so deftly combines fancies and facts in his sparkling discourse that you are at a loss to determine whether you are listening to the dreams of a poet or the reasonings of a philosopher. The strength of his argument is often concealed by a luxuriance of flowers, but doubtless the edge of the sword is not blunted by the wreaths that adorn the hilt. Mr. Cook's style, indeed, is a model of exuberant, original and striking imagery, and it is rare that the truths of science and the deductions of philosophy are set forth with such seductive eloquence, such pomp and glory and gorgeousness of magnificent language. Happily, however, the intolerable splendors of his diction are relieved at frequent intervals by passages of skeleton-like analysis, which present the doctrines under discussion with the ghastly dryness of the bones in a dissecting-room.

In a different style again is the analysis of the character of Voltaire, which appeared as an editorial article in THE TRIBUNE of May 30, 1878, on the occasion of the centenary of the philosopher:

CHARACTER OF VOLTAIRE.

The earliest dates in the history of Voltaire present a transparent contrast to the glory of its final scenes. He appears in the character of a cunning Bohemian, intent on wreathing a livelihood from a reluctant world, rather than as a man of genius whose writings were to excite a fermentation of thought, and dissolve the relict of tradition from the opinions of the age. His first step was to change his family name of Arouet to the more sonorous title of Voltaire. He soon finds his place in the brilliant and corrupt society of that period. His pen has free exercise in the field of irony and satire; his mocking genius is called into early action; he seuds the shafts of his wit with less regard to the accuracy of their aim than to the effect of their stroke, and by the time he is twenty years old he is thrown into prison for lampoons on the King. But he soon turns the tables, makes friends with his accusers,

and is again launched on the topmost wave of literary success. He becomes a shrewd financer, a fortunate speculator in stocks, a trader in pensions and offices, and a contractor with the Government for furnishing the Army with bacon and beef.

The wonderful power of Voltaire in the subsequent stages of his career was doubtless due to the sinuous facility with which he adapted himself to the spirit of the age. He struck while the iron was hot. It was an epoch of transition from mediæval religiousness to modern free-thinking. The whispers of doubt against the authority of the Church were muttered in secret; but Voltaire proclaimed upon the housetop what had been suspected in the cell of the thinker and the study of the scholar. He gave vocal expression to the ideas which had been cherished in private, and the secret of the sceptic became the property of the world. At that time the sentiment of religion was identified with the faith of the Church in the leading intellectual circles of French society. Protestantism had made little headway in the land of the Huguenots. The Roman Catholic faith was considered the genuine type of Christianity, which was held responsible for the encroachment of ecclesiastical power on the claims of human freedom. Voltaire made no distinction between religion and Catholicism. In his attacks on religion he deemed himself the defender of freedom, and supposed that he was battling for the cause of humanity while attempting to demolish the authority of the Church. Nor was Voltaire in sympathy with the thoroughgoing scepticism which was the characteristic of the eighteenth century; he attacked religion, less as a creed or a sentiment than as an obstacle, in its existing manifestations, to liberty of thought, and while he kept no terms with the ecclesiastical authorities of the age, was wont to express his conviction of a retributive Providence, and even erected a church at Ferney, dedicated to the Supreme Being, which, however, and perhaps justly, was recognized less as an evidence of piety than of vanity. The influence of Voltaire on his age, accordingly, was as the champion of mental freedom, of the unembarrassed pursuit of truth, of the rights of man, to use a phrase which was then coming into vogue, and which has since served as the keynote to pregnant movements of public policy.

The methods of Voltaire also took their stamp as much from the character of the age as from his own intellectual traits and tendencies. It was a period when the cravat aspect of the scholastic philosophy was softened down into the un wrinkled visage of modern vivacity. Voltaire was essentially the royal jester in the court of literature. He did not undertake to "sap a solemn creed by solemn sneer," but tried to undermine the faith of ages by gay ribaldry and light persiflage. He courted inquiry with some sorry joke on his lips, and laughed off the stage what he could not destroy by serious discussion. He seemed to have no earnestness of character, to play with his strongest convictions, to prefer a sparkling repartee to a lucid argument, and in his most strenuous combats to rely more on the flashes and flourishes of his sword than on the temper of the blade. His attacks on religion partook of the shallow and merciful nature of the man. If he could make a brilliant point against the priesthood, he took little care to verify its truth. He held Christianity responsible with its life for many antiquated theories which since his time have parted with much of the prestige that had embalmed them in the odor of sanctity, and

which are now by no means considered as essential elements of an orthodox creed. His famous, or rather infamous, watchword, which has usually been thought to apply to the founder of the Christian religion, was more probably directed against the pretensions of pontifical authority, but he was always too hasty and careless a thinker to seek out an essential difference under apparent resemblances.

Still, in his airy, mocking way, Voltaire was no doubt a lover of humanity. He had a keen sense of the evils of modern society, and a certain half ironical hope that they were not past redemption. He felt for the "oppressions that were done under the sun," but it was less a feeling of love of the oppressed than hatred of the oppressor. In his application of remedies for the miseries of the race, he is like the Mephistophelean surgeon to the wards of a hospital who apprœches his patient with a demoniac grin instead of a cheerful smile, and handles the limb which is racked by rheumatic ague with a cynical laugh at the pain rather than a tender sympathy with the sufferer.

With all his remarkable gifts of brilliant execution the nature of Voltaire was essentially meagre and thin, never rising to the loftiest heights of feeling or descending to the profoundest depths of thought. Both his moral and mental qualities were vitiated by an incurable taint of frivolity. His convictions appear to have been sincere; that is, he cherished no doubt of the absurdity which he dragged to light from beneath the mask of plausibility; but we find no traces of the passion for truth, the master sentiment which inspires the soarsings of philosophy and fructifies the vigils of science. In this respect he compares unfavorably with Rousseau, whose wildest speculations were marked by intense earnestness, and who plodded for his convictions, not as the fruit of a nimble fancy, but as vital truths for the regeneration of the race. Voltaire not only adapted himself to the spirit of the age; he presented its most conspicuous type and characteristic expression; he was the apostle, and prophet, and high priest of the eighteenth century, of which the philosophy was restricted within the domain of the senses, and its ethics a cunning contrivance for the highest degree of selfish enjoyment. The present century has opened a new era in which Voltaire would find himself a stranger and a foreigner. His influence has left but few traces on the intellectual development of the age: his genius for sarcasm and mockery has grown pale before the rising dawn of devout earnestness, and the profound seriousness of inquiry which mark the researches of modern science; and the hollow and selfish cynicism of his morality has been thrown into eclipse, even by the impassioned appeals of Auguste Comte, who, in this respect at least, has approached the borders of the Christian faith, in claiming a regard to the welfare of our neighbor, no less than of ourselves, as the supreme legitimate principle of human action. The spirit of the nineteenth century calls for guides and teachers of different metal from that of Voltaire. Let the mocking spectre repose unmolested in the realms of shade; let no violence be offered to his aged bones as they rest in their laurelled though moss-grown sepulchre; but let him not be honored as the intellectual sovereign of the present or the coming age. The sceptre has departed from the sage of Ferney; let his name be no longer invoked as the law-giver of thought; but while he is de-throned from his intellectual supremacy over a superficial age, let us not fail to do justice to his higher qual-

ties as the armed foe of superstition and the alert champion of the freedom of the human mind.

Mr. Ripley was one of the founders of *Harper's Magazine* and edited the literary department of that periodical for many years. In connection with Bayard Taylor, whose firm friend and congenial associate he remained until death intervened, he prepared a "Handbook of Literature and the Fine Arts," which was published in New-York in 1852, as one of a series of useful works of reference in a small compass. He had nearly reached the period of life at which most men who have labored so hard and accomplished so much as he had would have thought of resting upon their well-earned laurels, when he began a new labor of singularly severe character—the publication of an encyclopædia upon a larger scale than any similar work ever undertaken in America. In this enterprise he obtained the cooperation of Mr. Charles A. Dana. The first volume of "The New American Cyclopædia" appeared at the beginning of 1858, the sixteenth and last in 1863. During the seven years occupied in this publication Mr. Ripley, besides writing as usual all the literary criticisms of THE TRIBUNE and contributing other matter to this paper and to *Harper's Magazine*, etc., performed the greater part of the editorial work of the Cyclopædia, carefully examining every line and conducting the intercourse with a large staff of writers. His extensive acquaintance with literary and scientific men, and his familiarity with an immense variety of branches of learning, gave him a peculiar fitness for work of this kind. Probably he could never have accomplished the vast labor which fell upon him at this time if he had not possessed in a marked degree the faculty of intense application. He came to his desk every morning, fresh and smiling; he chatted pleasantly with his assistants for a little while; but as soon as he began work he worked in earnest, not with headlong haste, but with a steadiness that engrossed his whole mind for the time being. There are many stories of the rapidity with which he could absorb and summarize important and abstruse books; but his reviews never bore marks of haste. He wrote easily and quickly from an overflowing mind, and the purity and polish of his style seemed to be only a natural mode of expression.

In 1866 he visited Europe. This was a tour in search of the rest and amusement to which his long

life of steady application certainly gave him a strong title. He wrote frequently for THE TRIBUNE during his travels—for the old instinct was not to be resisted—and his letters from Stuttgart and Baden-Baden during the war between Prussia and Austria showed a very keen insight into the political and military situation. A second and more extended journey in 1869 and 1870 yielded still more abundant results. He was received with the greatest cordiality and honor in London literary and scientific circles, whither his fame as a critic and a man of general culture had preceded him; and under the charm of his genial manner, his sunny temper, and his fascinating conversation, which touched with grace and elegance the lighter topics of the day, or sounded with ample knowledge the deepest themes of philosophy, respect ripened in many cases into warm and enduring friendships. His visit to London at this time was a brief but busy and precious experience. From a quieter place on the Continent, a little later in the Summer, he sent THE TRIBUNE an admirable series of letters, giving his impressions of some of the aspects of English life, and sketches of the prominent men and women with whom he was brought into contact. John Bright and Louis Blanc among politicians; James Martineau among theologians; Tylor, Huxley, and Carpenter among scientific men; Carlyle and Herbert Spencer among philosophers—such are a few of the characters drawn for us in his vivid letters. With nearly all of them he had already established that tacit good understanding which naturally springs up between an appreciative critic and the authors whom he passes in review. Of a visit to Carlyle he wrote as follows:

THOMAS CARLYLE.

My call on Mr. Carlyle was in the busiest portion of the day, when I knew that he was engaged in the absorbing task of revising his works for the new edition now passing through the press, and I did not expect to accomplish anything more than to appoint a time for a future interview. With a little difficulty I found his modest dwelling in a rural suburb of London on the left bank of the Thames, almost concealed from view by a high brick wall on the opposite side of the street. The ancient dame who opened the door meekly informed me that Mr. Carlyle was at home, but would probably not be able to see any visitors at that hour. Fortifying my card with a brief note, explaining the purpose of my visit and proposing to wait upon him at some more opportune moment, I was at once invited to his study up one flight of stairs. It was a room of humble pretensions, looking out on the blank wall in front, well lined with books that had evidently seen service in other

days, adorned with a few portraits and busts, and the furniture of the scantiest and simplest description. Mr. Carlyle received me without ceremony, and in the kindest manner. He remembered my name, and expressed pleasure that he had not been forgotten by his American friends. I should have known him anywhere from his resemblance to his common photographs, although I expected to see more decided marks of his weight of years. Of about the middle height, he stands firm and erect. His head is not of unusual magnitude, his brow broad rather than high, and his dark eye of brilliant vivacity. His hair, to a great degree, retains the color of youth. The expression of his face indicates self-reliance and decision. His voice is clear and animated, rising in conversation to the highest notes, and with a strong Scotch accent. He rarely closes his sentences with an emphatic cadence, the suspension of his tone, leading you to expect a suspension of the sense. His costume was characteristic, betraying no deference to fashion, and adopted for convenience rather than beauty. It was a long gray robe, something like a surtout, reaching from the chin to the feet, closely buttoned and giving the impression of an inmate of a mediæval religious house.

The conversation of Mr. Carlyle, like that of Coleridge, as his visitors have frequently remarked, is principally monologue. This appears to arise not so much from indifference to his guests as from absorption in his theme. He talks like one of Goethe's demoniac men who is taken possession of by some superior force, and speaks only as the spirit gives him utterance. You listen to him as to a weird and mighty power of Nature, and would no more think of interrupting him than of staying the course of the whirlwind or of arresting the current of Niagara. He leaps from point to point, as the lightning on the Alns, not wounding at his "own sweet will," but buried like lava from a volcano. His discourse presents a strange agglomeration of wisdom, humor, prejudice, kindly sentiments, bitter antipathies, pointed sayings, curious fantasies, prophetic announcements, indignant protest, oddly mingled in a many-colored sparkling torrent of impetuosa words. He seems to take a secret delight in his own thoughts and fancies, as if they had struck him for the first time, and sometimes chuckles over them with a burst of unearthly laughter, as if he had just heard them from some spirit of the air. His fits of glee are almost infantile in their vehemence, though usually ardent in their character. The fine vein of irony which pervades his writings gives equal pungency to his conversation. It is doubtless the natural expression of his intense earnestness of feeling, which can only find sufficient vent in sarcasm and extravagance. On this account, Mr. Carlyle is often misunderstood. In listening to his talk you must constantly keep in mind the intention of the speaker, without putting a too literal constriction on his words. Nor can you hold him to a rigid account, as you would a man who expresses himself with more deliberate purpose, and whose words are the symbols of his will. Mr. Carlyle gives you little idea of a conscious personality, subject to the control of reason, and acting from choice and volition; he seems rather some grand pantheistic force urged onward by its own laws, with which expression is identical with existence.

In my interview with him, he spoke with warm affectionate feeling of his old American friends, especially of R. W. Emerson and Henry James, whom he always re-

membered with love, though he had sometimes had high words with the latter for his attachment to transcendental speculation. I doubt whether Carlyle's mind is able to comprehend the philosophic depth of Mr. James, and it is no wonder that he would get a little angry at seeing his friend plunge into fields and forests which to him were nothing but thorny and desert wildernesses. Of the personal traits which so strongly attach each of those distinguished men to the circle of their acquaintance he spoke not only with admiration, but with enthusiasm. The condition of America, I am bound to acknowledge, was despised or by Mr. Carlyle in terms less remarkable for flattery than force. "As sure as the Lord reigns," said he, "you are rushing down to hell with desperate velocity. The scum of the world has got possession of your country, and nothing can save you from the devil's clutches. Not, perhaps," cried he, raising his voice to its shrillest notes, "a hell burning with material fire and brimstone, but the whole writhing fiery chaos of corruption in high places, and the misrule of the people. A fine republic that England follows in the train, and is even now on the brink of the infernal precipice — and hell below." Of course I could make no reply to these "prophetic sounds so full of woe," but waited in serene silence for the tempest to pass over. He soon subsided into a more genial humor, discoursed blandly and wisely on many topics of common interest, was in no haste to break off the conversation, and it was not until after several attempts on my part to take leave that he followed me into his little flower garden at the rear of the house, where he told me he was wont to smoke his evening pipe, and I succeeded in bidding him farewell.

Mr. Carlyle's life for the most part is one of retirement and quiet. He rarely, if ever, mingles in general society. His circle of friends is small, though of the best. Those who know him the most intimately speak with ardor of his high and noble traits of character. His grim exterior conceals a sound and kindly heart. His intellectual activity is wonderful. Though past the term of three-score years and ten, he still labors with the industry of an ambitious college student. The evangel of work, of which he has always been the fiery-tongued apostle, has a living illustration in his example. With all the energy with which he has waged the perennial battle with illusion and "sham," the lesson he has so wisely taught and bravely exemplified, to perform the duty which lies nearest at hand, will perhaps be remembered as his chief service to the race.

From other letters of the series we reprint the following sketches, as examples of interesting but discreet personal description, as well as of critical power:

JOLIN BRIGHT.

A letter of introduction from an intimate personal friend of Mr. Bright in New-York procured me a cordial invitation to visit him at his private London lodgings. His family remain at their country residence during the greater part of the season, and, with his simple habits, he does not indulge in the luxury of a house in town. Accompanied by a gentleman, who has the *entrée* to his rooms at all times, I selected an early hour for an interview, and found the illustrious statesman at his quiet and solitary breakfast, though several visitors dropped in before the completion of the repast. Nothing could exceed the unpre-

tending modesty of his establishment, unless it was the frank dignity of his manners. It was an impressive scene to behold a man who had wielded such a vast power over the politics of Great Britain in an environment which reminded me of the historical sketches of the Spartan simplicity in the domestic life of Samuel Adams in the days of the Revolution. The personal appearance of Mr. Bright is pretty faithfully represented in the familiar photographs. His countenance bears the impress of benevolence and sincerity. It is entirely free from pretension. With the repose of expression, which is comparatively rare in American features, his face indicates intellectual alertness, as well as a certain depth of sentiment, which is not always preserved amid the wear and tear of a long political career. No one who sees Mr. Bright, and who understands the art of reading the character in the features, can doubt his integrity and goodness of heart. He shows no traces of the wily shrewdness which is often deemed essential to success in statesmanship and diplomacy, but with no lack of sagacity or ready resource, his transparent candor is no less remarkable than his brilliant eloquence. Judging from his countenance and his bearing, I should set him down as a man who would naturally love flowers and little children and good women. I should not wonder even if his Quaker education had still left a place in his soul for the enchantments of music. Certainly I never heard more sweet and harmonious tones from flute or organ than from his finely modulated voice. I will not pretend to give you a report of his conversation, even if I could do so without violating the decorum of the familiar interview with which I was honored. I will only say that it was singularly unaffected, facile, and impressive. His words flowed like a river of oil, sparkling with golden sands, and often tempered by a vein of spicy humor, shewing a rich and generous nature. I was struck with some of his remarks on the natural tendency to order and quiet, as age advances, and may make this slight allusion to them as the expression of a practised statesman somewhat in contrast with his public career: "The longer I live," said he, "I am more and more disposed to seek some point where progress is not necessary." He illustrated this idea at length, showing that it was not the whim of a statesman weary with the claims of reform, but the utterance of a sage who had wisely decided on the value of different purposes in life.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

On the following Sunday I heard Mr. Martineau in his own pulpit, and was even more impressed than before with the magnetic charm with which he holds his audience, though utterly free from the excitement of artificial oratory. His chapel is a low, small building, in an obscure street, with no adornments of architecture or upholstery. It reminded me somewhat of the old-fashioned country meeting-houses in New-England in which our grandfathers shivered under the preaching of the Gospel in Winter, and slept sweetly under its drowsy tones in Summer. The music, however, is excellent, and has evidently been organized by a skilful hand for devotional effect. The little congregation had mostly assembled before Mr. Martineau made his appearance. He wore a black robe, more like a student's gown than a clergyman's surplice, and ascended the aisle with a grave and modest step. His countenance exhibits a strange union of sweetness and austerity. In some of its lines it resembles the portrait of St. John, while its

general expression betrays the vigils of the laborious scholar. His features, however, indicate the habitual abstraction of the thinker rather than the toil of studious research, and are remarkably free from all touch of age. In fact he looks at least ten years younger than he is, not so much by any youthful freshness of form or coloring as by the air of saintly repose which marks his presence. The occasion was one to him of deep personal interest, and forbade anything but the simplest utterance of earnest feeling. It was the Sunday after the funeral of his bosom friend, the Rev. John James Taylor, who had died the previous week in a ripe old age, leaving a memory equally fragrant with the tender graces of a beautiful character and the perfume of an exquisite and admirable scholarship. He had been a fellow-worker with Mr. Martineau for many years, connected by the tie of common studies and of practical efforts for human good. His literary culture was of the choicest nature, and though he has left no large work as an illustration of his genius, his name is familiar to English and American scholars, especially of the past generation, by several minor productions of singular merit in various branches of study. Mr. Martineau gave no expression to the ordinary commonplace of sorrow. Nor did he indulge in any formal eulogium on the character of his friend. His discourse dilated on the analogies between the material and spiritual universe, from which he derived a lesson of faith in the harmonies of nature, and of acquiescence in its inevitable order. It presented a vein of sublime reflection, though somewhat vague and dim in its application. As an intellectual performance, it was inferior to the essays and discourses which have given Mr. Martineau so exalted a reputation in our country, where he is more highly rated than at home. The profoundly reflective cast of his mind is not congenial to the English temperament. His thoroughly unworldly character has little accordance with the matter-of-fact, practical tendencies of his countrymen. In some respects, indeed, he seems out of place in the present age. Though deeply imbued with modern scholarship, and fully abreast of the current of popular thought, he lacks but little to give him a shining rank among the mediæval saints. His ecclesiastical sentiment places him in cordial alliance with the past. He loves the sacred words in which the feeling of devotion has been expressed throughout the Christian centuries. The forms which act upon the imagination, in his view, are no less important than the reasonings which appeal to the intellect. He regards the act of worship as a symbol of pious emotion, rather than the embodiment of philosophical truth. Hence the strong interest he has taken in the improvement of liturgical and ritual forms, attaching to them a significance with which they are rarely clothed by other advocates of a rational religion. He is, certainly, not far removed from the spirit which bows the head at the elevation of the host, and is reminded of a divine presence by the smoke of incense and the tinkling of bells. Still, so sincere and noble a soul challenges profound admiration in these days of self-seeking and rapacious zeal. His is the true salt which is needed to season a degenerate age.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

Professor Tyndall has all the ardor of a reformer, without any tendency to vague and rash speculations. Recognizing whatever is valuable in the researches of a former age, he extends a gracious hospitality to new suggestions. With a noble pride in his favorite

branches of inquiry, he is not restricted to an exclusive range of research, but extends his intellectual vision over a wide field of observation. The English, as a rule, are inclined to be suspicious of a man who ventures beyond a special walk in the pursuit of knowledge. They have but little sympathy with the catholic taste which embraces a variety of objects, and is equally at home in the researches of science, the speculations of philosophy, the delights of poetry, and the graces of elegant literature. But a signal exception to this trait is presented by Professor Tyndall. His mind is singularly comprehensive in its tendencies, and betrays a versatility of aptitude, and a reach of cultivation, which are rarely found in union with conspicuous eminence in purely scientific pursuits. In his own especial domain, his reputation is fixed. His expositions of the theory of heat, and light, are sound, and of some of the more interesting Alpine phenomena, are acknowledged to be masterpieces of popular statement, to which few parallels can be found in the records of modern science. But in addition to this he possesses a rare power of eloquence, and manifold attainments in different departments of learning. I do not know that he has ever written poetry, but he is certainly a poet in the fire of his imagination, and in his love for all the forms of natural beauty. Nor has he disdained to make himself familiar with the leading metaphysical theories of the past age, in spite of the disrepute and comparative obscurity into which that science has been thrown by the brilliant achievements of physical research. I noticed with pleasure in his conversation his allusions to Fichte, Goethe, E. W. Emerson, Henry Heine, and other superior lights of the literary world, showing an appreciation of their writings which could only be the fruit of familiar personal studies. Besides the impression produced on a stranger by his genius and learning, I may be permitted to say that I have met with few men of more attractive manners. His mental activity gives an air of intensity to his expression, though without trace of vehemence or an eager passion for utterance. In his movements he is singularly alert, gliding through the streets with the rapidity and noiselessness of an arrow, paying little attention to external objects, and if you are his companion, requiring on your part a nimble step and a watchful eye not to lose sight of him. Though overflowing with thought which streams from his brain as from a capacious reservoir, while his words "trip around as airy servitors," he is one of the best of listeners, never assuming an undue share of the talk, and lending an attentive and patient ear to the common currency of conversation, without demandings of men the language of the gods. The singular kindness of his bearing, I am sure, must proceed from a kind and generous heart. With no pretence of sympathy, and no called for demonstrations of interest, his name will certainly be set down by the recording angel as "one who loves his fellow-man."

DR. CARPENTER.

My acquaintance with Dr. Carpenter, whom I met for the first time at the reunion of the "Philosophical Club," ripened into a certain degree of intimacy of the most agreeable character. I had cherished a traditional reverence for his father, the late Rev. Laut Carpenter, a celebrated scholar and divine of the Unitarian faith, and was sufficiently familiar with his own admirable

writings to enable me to meet him, as a friend to whom I owed a large intellectual debt rather than as a stranger to whom my name could not be otherwise than indifferent. I trust I do not abuse his kind hospitalities by saying that my visits at his house are among the brightest recollections of my London experience. With his eminent position in the scientific world, he has the modest simplicity of a child. His love of truth and reality, which impresses one as the staple of his character, is not incompatible with an affectionate gentleness of manner which lends a peculiar charm to his instructive conversation. Dr. Carpenter is chiefly known as a physiologist, though eminently distinguished in other branches of natural science. But I found him equally interested in the great problems of philosophical speculation, "fate, foreknowledge and free will," which have been the delight and torment of high thinkers in every age. He has none of the florid scroff of certain modern pretenders to science, who ignore everything beyond this "visible diurnal sphere," and who would limit the study of the human soul to the manipulation of the dissecting-knife and microscope.

HERBERT SPENCER.

Of the peculiar traits of Mr. Spence's personal character, the many kindnesses I received at his hands during my stay in London do not permit me to speak with perfect impartiality. Nor can I engage in the critical dissection of a man who became familiarly known to me in the intimacies of private hospitality. I will only say that the love of truth which permeates and inspires his writings is prominent in his words and his actions. Without any formal and pedantic precision, he evidently weighs his expressions with the conscientiousness of one who wishes to make his language the exact representation of his ideas. He speaks fluently, but not volubly, and with a certain grave earnestness that is more impressive than any attempt at conversational eloquence. His interests are by no means confined to the points of his habitual meditation, but he is fond of discussing the various aspects of literature, politics and social affairs, which are the prevailing subjects of talk among cultivated people. Indeed, he rather avoids conversation in general society on topics that require much exercise of thought, as the state of his health, I greatly regret to say, compels him to abstain from all unnecessary mental action, to shun the excitement of argument and controversy, and to limit his studies to a few hours every day. In private, however, I found him always communicative, ready to elucidate any obscure point in his writings, and to freely express his opinion on whatever question of interest came up. His mind is singularly candid, eager in fact to do justice to every phase and expression of men's thoughts, and making wide allowance for the inevitable varieties of idiosyncrasy and taste, in spite of the positive character of his own convictions and a certain air of positiveness in his utterance of them. His manners are courteous and refined, observant of the little graces of society, and with more of the way of the world than would naturally be expected from a person addicted to such retired and austere studies. There is nothing in his appearance to indicate the invalid; on the contrary, the ruddy bloom of his countenance and the youthful vigor of his step give no impression of physical languor or infirmity. He looks younger by many years than I expected to

find him, and with his almost juvenile freshness of expression, I cannot but anticipate the promise of a long term of intellectual efficiency. Mr. Spence is a bachelor, living in pleasant rooms in one of those rural quarters of London which afford such a great relief to the monotonous bustle of a large city. Like most English literary men, he is an habitual frequenter of his club, and at certain hours of the day may be usually seen in the halls of the Atheneum, which is honored by his membership. He expressed a deep interest in American affairs, although his sympathies have been somewhat chilled by the persuasion which he entertains that the Americans failed to recognize the good will that was freely expressed in the English journals at the commencement of our sanguinary struggle. Still his high, earnest nature is wholly on the side of popular freedom, as well as of intellectual advancement.

Mr. Ripley attended the Humboldt Centenary at Berlin in October, 1869, and not only sent to this paper a full and graphic account of the celebration, but in a separate letter described an excursion to the Humboldt mansion, and in two further communications gave a thorough review of the correspondence of A. von Humboldt with the Chevalier Bunseu, a book which appeared from the press in Germany on the day of the centenary. It was characteristic of this indomitable man, who combined in an unprecedented perfection the laborious and "enterprising" habits of the hard-working journalist with the tastes and training of a polished man of letters, that, at an age when most of us think of our ease, he filled even his holiday rambles with arduous and self-imposed tasks. He saw Vienna; he crossed the Alps as Winter approached, and passed by Trieste and Venice, finding all along the road something fresh to describe and some notable person to talk with, and dispatching his customary letters to THE TRIBUNE. He reached Rome just as the city was filling with the bishops, who came to attend the opening of the Vatican Council. He wrote for our columns a series of picture-que and detailed accounts of the gorgeous ceremonies of this great assembly, and discussed, in his acute and critical spirit, the influences which prevailed in the secret meetings of the Council and the probable results of the discussions. His familiarity with the whole range of doctrinal controversy gave him opportunities for understanding the drama of which he was a spectator far superior to those enjoyed by almost any other correspondent of a Protestant newspaper; while his powers of terse exposition, and of severely simple yet effective description, were entirely unexcelled. Rarely has so good a philosopher and theologian shown himself so fine a literary artist. Mr.

Ripley's letters from the Council were remarkable alike for their volume, their thoroughness, and their freshness. Every mail brought one at least of these striking productions, and although they were continued far into the new year they never lost interest or variety. Besides the important topics of the Council, they touched upon a hundred other questions of the day in Rome. They gave life-like portraits of Cardinal (then Archbishop) Manning, and other prominent personages; they described a visit to the Pope, and the public appearances of the pontiff, and the great festivals in the churches. Then there were other letters on independent Italian subjects—the character and habits of the people, and the growth of liberal thought. The later acts of the Council were treated by another hand, and Mr. Ripley went back to Germany, where he witnessed the popular uprising on the outbreak of the war with France, and described for our readers the rapid formation of German unity. His intimate acquaintance with many leading men in Germany, and his long familiarity with the German language and literature and German intellectual movements, gave him extraordinary facilities for comprehending what was going on in those crowded and exciting weeks; and his clear and compact letters contributed not a little to the value of the great mass of correspondence for which THE TRIBUNE was renowned during the war of 1870.

Soon after his return to the United States Mr. Ripley made preparations for another exacting literary enterprise, which he had long had in contemplation, namely, a complete revision of the Cyclopaedia to which he had devoted so many years of his mature age. The preparation of the new edition was almost as serious a task as the making of the original, for the work was entirely recast and the greater part of it written *de novo*. In this second edition Mr. C. A. Dana was again a partner, but the heaviest part of the work fell, as before, to Mr. Ripley. The first volume of "The American Cyclopaedia," as the revised edition was called, appeared in 1873, and the sixteenth and last in 1876.

The last years of Dr. Ripley's life (he had received the degree of LL. D. from the University of Michigan in 1874) differed in no essential particular from the rest of his busy career. Mr. Bayard Taylor, for a year or two before his appointment to the Berlin Mission, contributed numerous literary criticisms to THE TRIBUNE, but Dr. Ripley's re-

views continued, with the same abundance and painstaking regularity as ever. They were not interrupted until his fatal illness was far advanced. The last article prepared by him for THE TRIBUNE was the review of the "Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell," which appeared June 18, 1880. When this was written he had been for some time confined to his room, and in great suffering, but it showed no diminution of his intellectual powers, no blunting of his sympathies, and no deterioration of his crisp and elegant style. He always retained a warm interest in the affairs of THE TRIBUNE. He became a part owner of the paper soon after he joined it in 1849, and at the time of his death he was President of the Tribune Association—having been unanimously elected to the post shortly after Mr. Greeley's death, and unanimously re-elected at the beginning of each subsequent year.

The great age which Dr. Ripley attained, and the extraordinary vigor which, in spite of his many years, he exhibited almost to the last, attest the original robustness of his constitution. In person he was large and commanding, with a noble head and a carriage of unusual dignity. There was in his manners and speech a downright sincerity which enhanced the charm of his genial intercourse with friends, and he counted friends by legion in all the higher walks of literature and science. He was exceedingly methodical in all his pursuits, and disliked any disturbance of the routine of his studies everyday life. He wasted no time, and met every duty half way. Long practice had made his literary labor easy. But it had never made him careless. With slovenly work of any kind he had no patience. His own was performed with a precision which was never at fault. In the office of this paper, where, until a few years ago, he did most of his writing, his daily arrival was hailed as the coming of a kind and cheerful friend, and his absence will be long and deeply mourned.

The disease to which he succumbed was angina pectoris. He had a slight attack of this complaint during the Winter, and it gave him great uneasiness, for with his thorough knowledge of physiology he was well aware of its dangerous nature. About the end of May the disorder returned, and for ten days or a fortnight before his death there was no hope of a recovery. He expressed perfect resignation from the

beginning, and only hoped that the period of his relief might soon come. The patient was attended throughout his illness by Drs. Marey and Mosman, both of whom gave him every possible care. Dr. Mosman especially, as the crisis approached, watched almost incessantly by the bedside, even remained all night for several successive nights, and never relaxed his attentions until Dr. Ripley expired.

Dr. Ripley was twice married. His first wife, who died in 1861, was Miss Sophia W. Dana, a niece of the late venerable Richard H. Dana, sr. In 1865 he was married to Mrs. Louisa A. Schlossberger.

BURIAL OF GEORGE RIPLEY.

Mr. Ripley was buried on Wednesday, July 7, at Woodlawn, after services in the Church of the Messiah. By 11 a. m. the body of the church, with the exception of the pews reserved for the relatives of the dead man, the pall-bearers and the employees of THE TRIBUNE, was well filled. Among those present were the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, of Brooklyn; Richard Grant White, Carlton T. Lewis, Calvert Vaux, Charles A. Dana, Charles Butler, George Jones, General Benham, Edward L. Burlingame, Charles Nordhoff, Albert G. Browne and wife, Thomas McElrath, once the partner of Horace Greeley; Edward Spring, Rufus F. Andrews, Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. Botta, Mrs. Ford, Miss Osgood and Mrs. Youmans.

Soon after 11 o'clock the pall-bearers with sashes of black and white over their shoulders entered the church, followed by six men who carried the coffin on their shoulders. The pall-bearers were:

Presid't F. A. P. Barnard,	Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field,
George William Curtis,	Professor Bairne,
Joseph W. Harper, jr.	Bernard Koelker,
Prof. Vincenzo Botta,	E. C. Stedman,
Prof. E. L. Youmans.	Whitelaw Reid.

George Bancroft and Parke Godwin, who were to have been of the number, were detained;—Mr. Godwin at Roslyn, by a sudden illness, and Mr. Bancroft at Newport, by an accident to which he thus referred in a private message: "Of course it would be my earnest desire to pay every honor to the memory of Mr. Ripley, the oldest friend that remained to me. But I have hurt my ankle by a mixed sprain and contusion, and am not able at present to leave home."

After the body came the relatives and intimate friends of Mr. Ripley. Mrs. Ripley, who had watched so devotedly at the bedside of her husband through his whole illness, had at last broken down when the strain was removed, and had been in bed, seriously ill, since Tuesday morning. The physician forbade her attempting to be present. The following nephews and nieces of Mr. Ripley were the chief mourners: George Ripley, president of the National Hide and Leather Bank of Boston; Franklin R. Allen, of Greenfield, Mass.; Roger N. Allen, Elizabeth W. Allen and Charles Allen, of Boston. Two grand nephews, Charles J. Jones and Henry Blodgett, of New-York, and a second cousin, Laura Bradshaw, of Orange, N. J., were also present. The employés of THE TRIBUNE followed the relatives, all wearing crape on the left arm, and were given seats on either side of the main aisle. Owing to absence from the city and to the exigencies of their work many of THE TRIBUNE force were not able to be present, but the various departments were represented by the following:

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

John K. G. Hassard,	S. C. Caldwell,
Charles T. Congdon,	Francis W. Halsey,
Donald Nicholson,	Walter M. O'Dwyer,
William Winter,	H. H. St. Clair,
D. D. Lloyd,	Walter C. Hamm,
J. B. Bishop,	C. C. Buel,
Clarence Cook,	E. J. Gibson,
E. M. Hutchinson,	John L. Weinheimer,
Hart Lyman,	Geo. M. Horton.
Henry Hall,	

CITY DEPARTMENT.

A. F. Bowers,	Philip Lindeley,
Lewis M. Iddings,	W. E. King,
George W. Pearce,	G. W. Blake,
E. L. Murfin,	C. C. Starkweather,
H. E. Ihoades,	C. M. Kuriz,
Jesse Taggart,	G. F. Foster,
A. E. Palmer,	C. H. Crandall,
Edwin W. Morse,	E. Pierson,
William E. Donnell,	W. A. Moore,
W. H. Barrett,	A. F. Andrews,
Amos M. Ensign,	A. Scheendyv,
C. E. Haynes,	W. F. Johnson,
S. W. Whitaker,	J. R. W. Bitchcock,
Eugene F. Brady,	Le Moyne Burleigh,
W. M. Palmer,	George Hastings,
J. S. Spencer,	Ralph Bayard,
W. Coyney.	Asher S. Mills.

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT.

Gordon L. Ford,	A. P. Miller,
Thomas N. Rooker,	William Barker,
Nathaniel Tuttle,	George M. King,
W. C. Ford,	P. Campbell,
Chas. A. Davis,	L. E. Abry,
S. Chase,	John Mackie,
E. Clarke,	Thomas Drury.
George King,	

COMPOSING AND PROOF ROOMS.

W. P. Thompson,	T. Warren,
Samuel Walter,	J. W. Corwin,
Myron H. Jupp,	D. W. Sisson,
J. N. Bookstaver,	J. H. Pawling,
Joseph Barlow,	E. J. Pinkerton,
R. H. Waldron,	W. Brown,
E. A. Fletcher,	E. J. Walter,
Henry Stoddard,	P. H. Powers,
E. H. Willoughby,	M. M. Moss,
James Sculley,	George B. Keller,
M. A. Tracy,	John Tyler,
W. S. Sanders,	J. A. Yates,
R. G. Saunders,	G. W. King,
George Haveman,	R. Donnell,
S. Hofheimer,	H. Hunt,
Morgan More,	T. Meeker,
William Allan,	T. Miller,
T. E. Jewhurst,	C. Stoddard,
J. T. Buzzard,	George E. Burrows,
C. A. Lockwood,	Charles Cariough,
T. W. Welsh,	E. B. Cogswell,
George Grand,	H. R. Murray,
W. H. Page,	B. E. Noble,
P. M. Reynolds,	R. H. Olenbush,
Charles A. Stoddard,	J. M. Shannon,
C. C. Harrison,	Charles Y. Squier,
J. D. Van Benthuysen,	C. W. Edwards,
W. H. Shannon,	F. L. Fleming,
Charles W. Goeman,	Alex. Morton,
C. Hood,	B. U. Richards,
W. S. Coleman,	Fred H. Muller,
John F. Kinney,	W. Bookstaver.

PRESS ROOM.

P. A. Fitzpatrick	W. Cleary,
P. Nulty,	Jas. Nulty,
P. Dougherty,	A. M. Crodden,
Owen Sheridan,	W. Keatley,
Ed. Sheridan,	Thos. Moran,
Jas. Moran,	John Rickard, Engineer
Jas. Fitzsimmons,	

STEREOTYPING DEPARTMENT.

Jas. Breen,	R. Connelly,
W. Driscoll,	J. Hurley.
W. Moran,	

MAILING DEPARTMENT.

C. B. Fitzpatrick,	P. Griffith,
James Wynne,	J. O'Connell,
E. Nulty,	P. McCarthy,
J. Fahey,	J. Murphy,
S. Spenceer,	M. O'Connell,
E. Kirtle,	E. McCauley,
J. O'Brien,	J. McKee.

COUNTING AND DELIVERY ROOMS.

John Quion,	J. J. Murray,
Thomas Berry,	Thomas J. Hanley.

WATCHMEN.

Joseph Moran.	J. E. Patterson.
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OFFICE MESSENGERS.

Joschph P. Casey.	Francis L. Albertson,
Peter Dempsey.	James Dunlap.
George Stackhouse,	

The coffin was placed in the broad aisle below the pulpit. It was made of oak, mounted with silver, and was lined with white satin. The plate bore the inscription,

GEORGE RIPLEY,
Born October 3, 1802.
Died July 4, 1880.

On the lid lay palm leaves, crossed, a loose bunch of roses, and a wreath. Between the pulpit and the

coffin stood a beautiful cross, with a wreath for a base, made of tuberoses, immortelles, lilies and white pinks, and near this lay other wreaths, a crown, a star, and masses of white flowers arranged in other appropriate devices.

The exercises were begun with the following hymn, which was a favorite with Mr. Ripley, and which was sung at the request of Mrs. Ripley:

Calmly, calmly, lay him down!
He hath fought a noble fight;
He hath battled for the right:
He hath won the fadeless crown.

Memories, all too bright for tears,
Crowd around us from the past.
He was faithful to the last,—
Faithful through long, toilsome years.

All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness and truth,
These, the objects of his youth,
Unto age he still pursued.

Kind and gentle was his soul,
Yet it had a glorious might;
Clouded minds it filled with light,
Wounded spirits it made whole.

Hoping, trusting, lay him down,
Many in the realms above
Look for him with eyes of love,
Wresting his immortal crew.

MR. COLLYER'S ADDRESS.

After the hymn Mr. Collyer read several selections of Scripture, and then the choir sang "Nearer my God to Thee." Mr. Collyer then delivered with great feeling the following address:

I cannot but feel a touch of regret as I stand by the dust of our friend this morning that some one of his old comrades and life-long friends is not here to take my place. Because I know that there are many still on the earth from whom such words as they could say would be most welcome and of a far greater worth than any I can hope to say, stranger as I am by comparison to his most intimate life, and compelled for this reason to speak at a painful disadvantage. Still I may say this, that I have loved this man many years and I felt I was his debtor, though our lives have lain a thousand miles asunder—have lounged many a time to send some word to him of gratitude, but could never see my way to do it, because I felt "his soul was like a star and dwelt apart," and it would be only an intrusion. I found when I came here to live that I was utterly mistaken in my man, 'nd that in my admiration of his intellect I had not believed as I should have done in his great human heart. I

went to call on him to the Spring, wondering before I had got to his house, what manner of man he was. Friends in the West had told me I should not like him; that his face was a flint and his heart a stone, and scorn and contempt of his kind was his creed and catechism. It was natural, I suppose, that these warnings should come to the front and stand guard when I met him for the first time in my life, and that I should hold out my hand with some such hesitancy as one has in touching the creatures we admire and fear. I ought to have known better. Fifteen years ago he wrote some words about a poor little venture I made in letters. I should have taken that for utter proof of his gentle and kindly nature. He lies there in his coffin, and now it is too late to make him true amends. He could not be content to take my hand, but held out both hands swiftly and broke out into a great wealth of gracious greetings, called up old memories of friends we had known or still knew, and the blue eyes grew misty with tears, and tears were in the tender tones that followed each after each, as the lights and shadows chase each other across the ripening grain. And then is that short space I know what I had lost in doubting for one instant the supremacy of George Ripley's loyal and loving heart.

Shall I try to sketch another picture of the man as my apology for any word I may say touching his noble and faithful life? I went to see him again when I heard he was near the river we must all cross. It was whispered to me before I went into his room that I should not speak to him of death. There was a touch of tremor, they said, in the heart which had always beaten so strong and true. The old veteran did not take kindly to the thought that he was to be relieved, and might fall asleep now and take his rest. "I am obliged to you for the hint," I said; but I really did not need it. Why should one speak to such a man as George Ripley of death, when by the holiest and surest revelation which has come to us he will not die, but will live, as the Lord liveth, in some grander way and to some grander purpose! But I had not talked with the old veteran very long before I was aware he knew all I know about the shadow and the light, and that the word had gone along the ranks that he was to be relieved. I cannot say it was a great joy to him. I can say they were mistaken who had imagined it was a terror. "But why should it not have been a joy?" I said to George Calvert, the other day, his friend of sixty years. "I will tell you," he answered, promptly. "George Ripley was so strong and vital and able still to stand guard! No man so intensely alive as he was likes the change." And that was the truth.

I found as I sat and talked with him of the grand old days and the grander days that are dawning, the new heavens and the new earth our children will see, there

was no fear in the brave old heart as to what might happen; only a little touch and tremor of wonder I could well understand. He wanted to live, if he might, because his actual had not begun to overtake his ideal. It seemed as if all he had done was only as the alphabet to his intentions and his longing. In the many years I have watched the advent of the angel of death I have never seen such heart-whole humility. It is in the most of us in this last test and trial but another name for pride. But my dear friend and yours was down in the most beautiful abasement of our common human heart. Certainly to him his hope lay not in what he had done in these years but in what he would do if he might stand in his lot a few years more. Then when he had made this sure, it seemed as if he was pleading for his life, and thought this was mean and unworthy. Hezekiah, the King, might plead that the dial should be turned backward, but not George Ripley. So the eyes flashed fire for an instant, and the troubled voice grew strong, and in one wonderful sentence he seemed to gather all the faith in God you will find in the Psalms and Gospels. I do not remember any such revelation beside in all my experience among men whose feet were in the cold, dark river of death, and then I took no more trouble about the trouble I had heard of. I knew that while my friend was himself death would have no dominion.

And I cannot feel as I stand here and speak to you of this brave and true man that this is a time for such sorrow as we must all bear when those we love are taken from us in their youth or their prime, or in an old age which has lost its noble meanings through a base and evil life. I have read of a tribe of heathen, as we call them, who illuminate their homes when the life of one of their kindred has come to a noble and beautiful termination, keeping holy tide for the dead with solemn joy and thanksgiving. And I think we might learn a lesson from such heathen and rejoice through our tears. It was the longing of the old Norseman that he might not wither, but ripen rather and meet death in the fulness of his life. That happy lot has fallen to our friend. His eye was not dim, his heart was not cold, his mind was not failing. I read the last lines he wrote with no thought that they were the last. They were as fresh as June roses and as true as the octaves on a perfect organ. We might easily imagine there would be no great sympathy between the critic and the seer, George Ripley, and Bushnell, the peerless religious thinker of this age, and yet you feel as you read the paper that they were very near together and very close of kin in the kinship of the heart. It is said that the yew tree keeps fresh and green through centuries of time because it is forever making a new heart and shedding away what is old and worn at the surface. That was George Ripley's secret and the reason for our perpetual pleasure in his

work. An old man, as we count the years, he renewed his life at the centre, kept close to the springs of youth, was in perfect sympathy with the new day and the new adventure; the grand old man was still in his heart's boy.

There is ground for solemn gladness in this again in the truth that as I stand here to say this word about our friend, you are not listening to note how deitly I shall manage to hide away his sins and follies and cast over him the white mantle of our human charity. So far as I know of his life it needs no excuse or apology. Sharing our common frailty, aware himself no doubt of many a fault and failing, and smitten in his secret heart by the ache and throb of many a sin known only to himself and to God, there is no whisper abroad in the world of any meanness, any double dealing, any cruelty of one so strong to the weak and helpless, any scorn of a good endeavor which had to die of an untimely birth, any contempt of those who by reason of their limitations must believe what he could not believe for his soul's sake of religion or of life, so long as they nourished such a faith as they had in a gentle and kindly heart, or any anger save that noble anger we all love to see in a grand strong nature, the anger of the Christ.

It is written that when the Conqueror was to be buried in Normandy a poor man stood forth and cried, "I forbid this burial in God's name. This land on which your temple stands is mine. This dead king took it from me. You must right my wrong before he is laid away." And the people wondered and said, "Is this true?" It was true, and the wrong was righted. Is there a man on the earth who would forbid George Ripley's burial because of any wrong wilfully done by the strong against the weak, for greed or pride, or for any ignoble reason? You, his old friends and companions, know his life better than I do, and I have no touch of doubt as I stand here as to what would be your answer. Your friend and mine was a true man to the core of his nature, upright and downright in his dealings. There is no meanness of this sort to hide away in his grave. He died with clean hands. This is clean dust we are to bury. Dear old Walton says: "Endeavor to be honestly rich or contentedly poor, but be sure your riches be gathered justly or you spoil all. For he that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." Has our friend gathered wealth? I know nothing about it one way or the other; but this I do believe, that whatever he had to his name he earned honestly, as when you raise fine wheat, and he kept his conscience as his choicest treasure.

It has been said by a noble writer lately that without honest labor there can be no deep joy. It was one secret of the joy that lay so deep and sunlike in the heart of our friend that he could not even imagine

himself without his full stint of work for each working day. No cry like that of the Emperor, "I have lost a day," was known to his experience. He goes to his rest after doing as great and grand a day's work as his whole strength could compass. It is the twin quality to his noble honesty and pure manliness. "I have a work to do and how am I straitened till it be accomplished," was the burden of his soul also, and he rests worthily who worked so well.

So I might go on to speak of many noble things he has done out of this manful nature and through this perpetual endeavor, but this has been said already in a wider and better way than I could hope for and this only comes to me for my last word.

George Ripley in his own true and free fashion was a devout man. It was laid on him in his early life to leave his mother church and denomination to which some of us belong, but he held on to a simple trust in God and reverence for the whole truth He has revealed. That grand sentence which came rushing from his heart as I sat with him, told the whole story of the way he kept his secret. Possibly he did not wish it to be known, but there it lay in his heart, the reverence and love for all things sacred and holy. He left his mother church, but he had a church in his heart. He left our denomination—shall I not say he was himself a denomination? And it is a beautiful thing, this devout spirit, which would still hold on to its early church, which it had loved in the days before it dawned on the man to go forth pioneering. It is a beautiful hint of this devout heart which would still hold on to its early trust, that on his study table with the pile of dictionaries, three books were always close to his hand—the Bible, Shakespeare, and those Hymns of Isaac Watts we, who are getting along in life, remember as the Sunday psalms of the church and the home.

But had we no hint of this devout and reverent heart I should still part with our friend with a great quietness and assurance that all is well with him now, and that he has found the haven of rest, the old companions and friends, and the Heaven in which they dwell. Deeply as I believe in the life which is hid with Christ in God, deeply as I trust I hold to my faith, when I find a man so brave and true, and all on fire for the right, though he hold not my faith or any faith I can understand, I know that man lives in the eternal life with the Saints. He may say no creed, touch no sacrament, join no church and have no Bible like this on which I stay my heart. He is God's dear son if the life he has lived before men is honest, tender, manful and full of noble striving, as was that of our dear friend, and to him also it is whispered as he goes forth through the shadows into the light, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

It seems so tender and sweet to me that you should bring him back into his old mother church just these few minutes before he is laid away from us on the breast of dear mother nature. He loved this church; he told me so. He loved Dr. Osgood, who was minister here for many years, very dearly; and Dr. Furness, my dear father in faith, and a whole host of us. And he left the church he could not go to, but he held it and us tenderly in his heart. It seems so good that he should come back to the mother; that he should desire it; and that all those closest and dearest to him should be of the same heart and mind. But I cannot understand him as one who has loved him many years, having known him but too briefly; so I close this simple word about the grandeur and grace and beauty of his life with God's benediction on his dust and on his spirit in the eternal world.

THE PRAYER.

Dear Father, our life is Thine. Our birth is divine because we are born of Thee: our death is divine, because within the darkest shadow of death is the presence of our Father. And we come to Thee this morning with a great thanksgiving in our hearts for this noble, and beautiful and bountiful life Thou didst give to us, to be a treasure to us now and in the time to come, and to be an influence high, strong and holy in the nation to which we belong. We bless Thee that Thou hast maintained Thy servant through all these years to his ripeness and fullness of age, and that Thou didst still shower Thy choicest benedictions on him when his foot touched the river and the darkness began to fade away in the new glory of the morning of heaven. May we realize deeply the worth, the beauty and the blessedness of this life Thou hast given and taken back to Thyself, and realize also how it still remains with us to grow up nobler and better men and women because our friend has lived his life so nobly. May we be, by Thy blessing, able to see how in all the coverings, all the outward forms of things, this heart beat true to Thee and to Thy truth. This man fought well Thy battles; this laborer wrought well in Thy vineyard; and may we also take heart of grace and begin to do better because he has done so well.

Oh God, we bring those who must sorrow for this bereavement to Thee, for when these human ties are broken, when these long-enduring affections that touch us in these outward forms are all severed and shattered, and the shrine is crumbling to dust that held the life we loved, what can we do? To whom shall we look for succor but unto Thee, O God! Thou hast the word of eternal life. Thou comforter of Thy children, Thy divine heart is always touched when sorrow falls on us, and Thy sympathy is ever ready. Let us come to those bereaved ones who have to weep

for this great loss, and may they presently begin to see the light shining through the closts of grief. May they, when they come to the grave, see only the grave clothes there, and may an angel whisper to them that their beloved has risen and gone.

And, O God, we pray that within the home where he has dwelt, within the hearts of the sorrowers, within the work he has done, there may be treasured through the time to come his loving presence. May we all, thankfully accepting this Thy Divine decree, in his birth, in his life, in his death, so try to live that when our time comes, and men and women are gathered about our dust, sweet rain of tears may fall on our coffins, like the tears that fall to-day about this man's dust, because we have striven nobly to do Thy will. Let the whole heart of Thy Christ be with us, for strength, for consolation, for hope, for joy, and may we forever say, whatever happens to us, "Thy will be done." Amen.

THE CONCLUDING SERVICES.

"We will now sing together one or two stanzas," continued Mr. Collyer, "in which I feel sure this tender human heart, now still in death, would have so delighted."

The first and last verses of Hymn 840 were then sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," the congregation rising and joining with the choir in the singing. The verses were as follows:

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it rise and fall,
A song of those who answer not,
How ever we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare,
They cannot be where God is not.
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides Thy love abides,
Our God for evermore.

After the hymn had been sung the lid of the coffin was raised and the relatives and friends looked on the face of Mr. Ripley for the last time. The procession out of the church was in the following order: The pall-bearers, the coffin, Mr. Collyer and the relatives. The funeral procession was then formed, and the carriages, in which were the pall-bearers and relatives, moved slowly toward the Grand Central Depot, where a special train for Woodlawn was taken. There were no services at the cemetery.

TRIBUTES TO MR. RIPLEY.

A LIBERAL AND KEEN CRITIC. *From The New-York Evening Post.*

In the death of Dr. Ripley American literature has lost a friend. The life of the late distinguished critic has been fruitful in other ways than that in which the younger half of the present generation have known him, and his direct contributions to American letters have been neither small nor unimportant; but it was as a sympathetic, liberal, and keen-sighted critic that he rendered his greatest service. Not long ago *The Evening Post* had occasion to use Dr. Ripley's name in illustration of what we hold to be the needed criticism of our time, referring to him as an example of the critic who used his function for the encouragement, never for the repression, of worthy literary aspirations. The need of such an exemplar is greater than many persons understand. Criticism is apt to fall into young hands among us, and the natural arrogance of newly educated men too often sets up personal tastes and prejudices as standards of critical judgment. Worse still, not every critic, either young or old, can free himself from an ambition to display the superiority of his own culture and taste by patronizing the books that pass under his eye, and there is no worse blight upon literature, no surer means for its repression, than the prevalence of this spirit in criticism. Finally, the critic is comparatively rare whose independence of judgment is sufficient to enable him to see and say frankly what the real value of home literature is, to judge freely and confidently of American literary products, without waiting for a hint from the critics of Great Britain. These are not agreeable facts to contemplate, but they are facts, nevertheless, as every constant reader of current criticism knows.

Dr. Ripley's method was the opposite of all this, and his example, enforced as it was by his recognized eminence and ability, was throughout a most wholesome influence. He came to the task of criticism equipped with the broadest and soundest culture and profound learning. He had, beside, the courage which belongs to conscious strength.

His own tastes were broadly catholic, and his standards of judgment were broader still. With a keen appreciation of merit and a hearty sympathy with all honest endeavor, he used his functions for the discovery and encouragement of every good gift, censuring only where insincerity, pretense or falsehood made the use of the scourge necessary in the interest of literature itself. His judgment was always manly and independent. He waited for no English permission to admire heartily any good native work. He had none of that timidity which finds safety in admiring nothing. He honestly liked good work, and honestly proclaimed its excellence.

There can be no doubt that the work and the influence of such a critic have been of inestimable service to the literature of one time and country, and in addition to the reverence in which the lovers of letters have long held him, there is in the public mind a profound sense of the value of his activity, which must prompt, upon every hand, the feeling that his death is a public loss. He was a man of large mind and pure heart; a man who did his work honestly and well in the world for the world's good. We lament his loss sincerely.

LITERATURE BETTER FOR HIS LABORS.

From The New-York Evening Express.

The death of George Ripley was not unex-

pected. Last winter he had an attack of angina pectoris, which returned a few weeks ago. For the last ten days it was known that he could not recover, and on Sunday he expired, in his seventy-eighth year. So has ended, peacefully and beautifully, the career of a remarkable man, gifted with unusual talent. Enriched by the best scholarship, and consecrated to noble ends, Mr. Ripley's name is preeminently associated with American literature. Among critics he deservedly stood in the first rank. He belonged to a historic family, which has produced famous generals and clergymen, and on his mother's side he was connected with Franklin.

He was born in Western Massachusetts in 1803, graduating with distinction at Harvard in his twenty-first year, quitting the Divinity School with brilliant promise in 1826. After spending two years more in the university as tutor he was settled over a Boston parish, in which he soon won distinction by the vigor of his thought and the freshness of his views of life and duty. The great controversy which divided the Congregationalists of New-England into Unitarian and Orthodox wings had just closed. Channing and his associates had gained position and renown. But they had opened wide the doors for a new and unlooked-for influx of new ideas. The bold German criticisms and speculations found American translators. A new doctrine of universal inspiration found adherents, and everywhere dissatisfied thinkers were reaching out in all directions for new light. Of this body of Transcendentalists Mr. Ripley was one of the leaders, and his controversial papers sent pain and terror through the ranks of the conservative Unitarians. He was in immediate association and sympathy with Emerson, Parker, Dwight, Margaret Fuller, and a score of gifted people whose contributions made *The Dial* famous. But Mr. Ripley's mind was practical in its tendencies. He was not satisfied with an idea until it was actualized. He wanted to make every vision real in a new social order. He was interested in new theories of social reconstruction, and was the founder and head of the famous Brook Farm Association near Boston, where an attempt was made to realize an ideal of co-operation, of the union of philosophical study and manual labor, of high culture with the simplest living. The scheme failed, but probably no one interested in it regretted making the experiment.

After spending some time abroad Mr. Ripley settled in this city and devoted the rest of his life to literature. He contributed to various periodicals and reviews, rendered important service to the Messrs. Harper in their publications, and in 1849 became the literary editor of *The Tribune*. It was in that position that he made a third reputation, and exerted a powerful influence on the literature of the country. His criticisms of books were characterized by conscientious fairness, a discriminating appreciation, and a knowledge often far exceeding that of the author. He made a deportment helpful to both readers and authors, which contributed largely to the success of the paper, especially among educated readers. Hundreds of people asked, before reading a book, what Mr. Ripley said of it. He made a book more valuable by his luminous and instructive comment upon it, and in this way set an example of great benefit to the criticism of the country. But Mr. Ripley's active mind and trained industry could not rest with the work which would have taxed an ordinary brain to the utmost. He was the chief editor of "The New American Cyclopædia," published in sixteen volumes by the Messrs. Appleton, and which was afterward completely

revised under his careful supervision. Indeed, the later edition of "The Cyclopædia" is virtually a new work. Eight years of almost incredible toil were spent on these works. Yet Mr. Ripley found time for his regular literary work, and did it well, and frequently appeared in society, where his genial disposition, and courteous dignity, and often brilliant conversation made him always a welcome guest. The kindness of his heart, his interest in young men, his hospitality to new thoughts, his conscientious fidelity to his friendship and trusts, endeared him to all who knew him well, and will make his memory fragrant forever. American literature is richer and better for his labors, and his life has added something to the moral property of the world.

A RIPE SCHOLAR. From *The New York Graphia*.

The veteran George Ripley, after more than thirty years of continuous service on the staff of *The Tribune*, died in this city on Sunday morning. Mr. Ripley was one of the ripest scholars of America. If ever there was a critic he was one. He had all the knowledge necessary to treat of any subject which he cared to handle, and to guide it all he had a good humor and right feeling that never permitted him to be unjust to what he did not like, nor to be the blind panegyrist of what he admired. He was a moderate and sober expounder of systems, and a careful analyst of authors and books. *The Tribune* did well to republish a few specimens of his criticisms. Very rarely, indeed, has better work been done in any country than in what many regard—very wrongly, we think—as the ephemeral newspaper review.

George Ripley was devoted heart and soul to his work. He did it honestly. He did it carefully. He did it intelligently. The newspaper of which, from his coming with it, he was one of the shining lights, will And more than all, the great audiences of the paper will miss him. Many persons read *The Tribune*—the purpose of knowing what Mr. Ripley had to say about the new books, or about the famous authors of old books, who for one reason or another had been brought anew into the arena of newspaper discussion.

Mr. Ripley hated sham. He was honest himself, and he exposed dishonesty wherever he found it. No other American has probably done as much to make the great writers and thinkers of the last half century known to our newspaper readers, in him these writers found a sympathetic and intelligent interpreter. In the opinion of those best capable of judging, he was able to have done very good original work, but he chose rather to be a commentator, expounder and critic of other people's ideas than have devoted himself to original authorship. Who shall say that he did not act wisely? He, like many others, may have sacrificed himself for what he conceived to be the good of others. At this day we do not need more knowledge so much as the dissemination of the knowledge already acquired among the masses of the people. George Ripley chose the best vehicle at hand to reach the people, and that was the daily newspaper. Had he been in London his articles would have appeared in the great British quarterlies and his name and articles would in later years have appeared in monthlies like *The Fortnightly Review*, *The Contemporary*, and *The Nineteenth Century*. His audiences there would have been counted by the hundred. On *The Tribune* they were counted by the ten thousand. Ripley's name will survive in connection with the editorship of "Appletons' Cyclopædia." Some of the best

work in it is that of George Ripley. It is to be hoped that some of his friends and collaborators will collect at least a volume of his essays, which his admirers may have as a bouquet to keep him in remembrance. In Ripley's honor it should be remembered that the failure of the Brook Farm experiment, into which he put, not only his enthusiasm, but his fortune, never soured him. He did not become misanthropic because the world would not understand him. He was a figure in American journalism of whom all journalists may be proud, and though few of his brethren may have his learning or intellect, all can emulate his example in devoting all their energy to the profession he loved.

A LOSS TO AMERICAN LETTERS.

From The Hartford Courant.

The death of the venerable scholar and critic, George Ripley, so long the literary editor of THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE, although occurring in the fullness of years, and without any decay of his mental powers or any cessation from labor—and so of all deaths most fortunate—is no less a grief to all who knew him and a loss to American letters. Perhaps of all American scholars who have chosen the department of literary criticism, he was best fitted by cultivation, by experience, and by temperament for his most difficult task. With the deepest sympathy and critical sensitiveness, he was almost wholly free from prejudice, and he had that level balance of judgment which is rare. He belonged to the constructive and not to the destructive school of criticism, and no other man in America has done more in his department to build up a sound and wholesome literature. His praise was always cordial and pretty certain deserved—for his standards were never the ephemeral of the hour—and his condemnations, which

spared if possible, were always felt to be

His kindness of heart was well known, his hopefulness and helpfulness to young authors equalled Irving's; and in time it came to be realized that the severest criticism that could befall a literary aspirant was Dr. Ripley's silence. His scholarship in the whole range of modern literature was thorough. By the cast of his mind inclined to philosophical and metaphysical subjects, he might easily have attained eminence as an original investigator had not circumstances called him into the field of criticism. Born at the beginning of this century, his relations have been close with the best minds of this country and with many of the foremost thinkers of Europe. An adequate biography, which we trust will be prepared, would not only be a history of the intellectual movements of half a century, but would add to our short list of notable men one of the brightest ornaments of our letters, and put the world in possession of an admirable character. In these brief words we wish to express the sincerest appreciation of a writer whom to read was to admire, of a man whom to know was to love. It can be said of him, we believe with truth, that although he was never unfaithful to the truth, he has not left an enemy and he has gone to meet none.

BROOK FARM.

From The New-York Sun.

The death of George Ripley has furnished the occasion for appreciative articles in the journals, and THE TRIBUNE especially has published an essay of unusual length and elaboration. Yet, naturally enough, all these writers pass over in a cursory and inattentive manner the most characteristic part of his life. We refer, of course, to Mr. Ripley's socialism, as illustrated by the community at Brook Farm, and by the greater part of his writings.

The social philosophy of this eminent thinker sprang

from two sources; from his deep inner faith in democracy as taught by Jefferson, and from his conception of humanity as taught by Herder. Of these vital ideas his socialism was the logical consequence; and the community at Brook Farm was the fruit at once of his democratic convictions and of his weariness with the unsatisfactory, unprofitable routine of conventional society as he found it forty years ago existing around him in Boston.

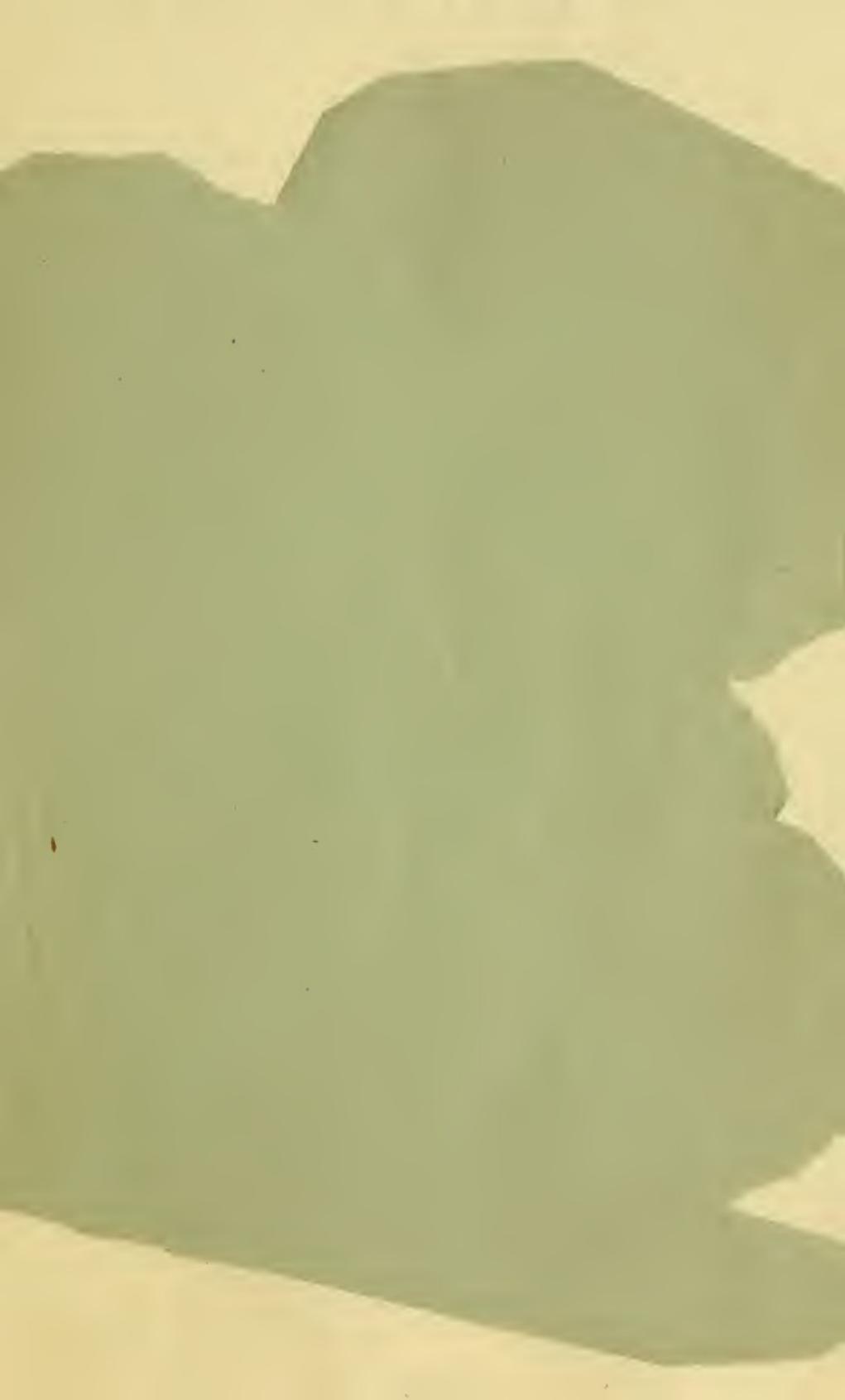
He had very few intimate friends then or at any other time, yet three men were especially near to him, influencing his mind by their conversation and writings. These men were George Bancroft, Orestes A. Brownson, and Theodore Parker. The fundamental democratic doctrine of liberty, equality, and fraternity, and the doctrine of humanity as a living unity, they shared with him; his conclusions concerning the embodiment of democracy in new social forms they respected but did not share. His experiment they observed with interest and sympathy, but in its pecuniary and personal risks they took no part. Indeed, no individual of distinction joined in the enterprise except Mr. Hawthorne, and he remained but a month or two, investing a few hundred dollars, which he took care to recover by a lawsuit afterward.

The community at Brook Farm lasted about five years, and was finally dissolved in consequence of the destruction by fire of its most important and costly building. But if this disaster had not occurred, it must presently have come to an end. The plan was too large for the means, the profits were insufficient, and the friction was too great. It contained at the time about one hundred inmates, including school-teachers, mechanics, business men, farmers and pupils. In pursuance of the attempt toward a more just retribution for labor, all employments were paid substantially alike; and thus persons who in the world without could earn large salaries received no more than those who could only earn small ones; but the great difficulty was that enough could not be earned for all the needs of the establishment. The world is not yet ripe for the Social Democracy.

Yet it is not too much to say that every person who was at Brook Farm for any length of time has ever since looked back upon it with a feeling of satisfaction. The healthy mixture of manual and intellectual labor, the kindly and unaffected social relations, the absence of everything like assumption or servility, the amusements, the discussions, the friendships, the ideal and poetical atmosphere, which gave a charm to life—all these combine to create a picture toward which the mind turns back with pleasure as to something distant and beautiful, not elsewhere met with amid the routine of this world. In due time it ended and became almost forgotten; and yet it remains alive, and the purposes that inspired it still dwell in many minds. In the case of Mr. Ripley, they remained as the soul of his philosophy, the sure and steady light which lighted up the dark places of thought and action. He was a socialist and a democrat to the last.

The same is doubtless true of others who were with him and who have since been scattered in the ordinary plains and byways of existence. The faith of democracy, the faith of humanity, the faith that mankind are steadily growing toward a society not of antagonisms but of concord, not of artificial distinctions but of spiritual development, toward a society commanding the forces of external nature and converting the earth into an abode of peace and beauty, excelling the mythical Eden of old—this we say still lives among men. The mortal remains of one of them are today committed to the earth, but the faith survives immortal and unceasing.

"One God, one law, one element,
And one far off divine event,
To which the whole creation more."



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